

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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THE CHINESE MUST GO—HOW JOHN CHINAMAN, WHILE EMPLOYED AS A DOMESTIC SERVANT IN CALIFORNIA FAMILIES, IS UTILIZED AS AN ASSISTANT AT THE MYSTERIES OF THE TOILET BY THE LADIES THEREOF, AND THE UNPLEASANT CONSEQUENCES ARISING FROM THE CUSTOM IN THE SPECIAL INSTANCE OF THE HENDERSON HOUSEHOLD, IN SAN FRANCISCO.—SEE PAGE 2

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly, Established 1846

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR WEEK ENDING

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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals, and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canada, and more particularly from the west and southwest. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

P. Shreveport, La.—See item under "Vice's Varieties." Thanks.

W. D. R., Edgefield, S. C.—See item in "Vice's Varieties." Thanks.

KANE, Richmond, Va.—Unable to understand the purpose of the matter sent.

W. H., Hanover, Pa.—See item, in brief, under "Vice's Varieties." Thanks.

L. W. W., Denver, Col.—See item under "Vice's Varieties." Other will appear with illustration in our next.

J. H. P., Rockport, Ind.—Thanks for information. Please explain more fully your idea as to the photos referred to.

F. B. T., Bridgeport, Conn.—Photo published. Did not use sketch as we published illustration of the affair in preceding issue.

T. A. B., San Francisco, Cal.—Brief account of affair given. Could not illustrate it in this issue. Thanks. Further by mail.

C. A. P., Trenton, N. J.—Article was carefully read and nothing found in it of sufficient general interest to give it a place in our columns.

G. F. W., West Cummington, Mass.—Items sent have been duly credited. See last communication under "Vice's Varieties." Paper will be sent.

C. E. H., Elgin, Ill.—Item previously received. Will be glad, however, to have you act for us in future in regard to interesting happenings in your vicinity.

Dubuque, Iowa.—Portraits and sketches published. Thanks for numerous courtesies. Other matter was published in our preceding issue, under "Vice's Varieties."

B. A. W., Summit, Miss.—Account of trial appears elsewhere. Thanks, though it scarcely coincides with what we judged to be the general opinion in the matter.

J. C., Paris, Ky.—Thanks for the attention, but the matter is out of our line. Shall be glad to hear from you again with accounts of matters of general interest in your section.

H. K., Harrisburg, Pa.—Can not publish a statement affecting the reputation of a person of respectable standing in the community without an endorsement of the alleged facts.

L. E. F., Moline, Ill.—Portrait unavoidably crowded out this week. Will certainly appear with sketch in our next issue. Thanks for this as well as for numerous other courtesies.

S. P. V., Harris, O.—Thanks for your efforts in our behalf. All of the items received from you have either been published and duly credited to you or the omission accounted for in this column.

H. W. C. W., Olathe, Kan.—We pay for an article according to its merits to us. When accompanied by accurate sketches or photos it is more valuable, of course. We set no special limit to the amount of territory.

J. J. D., Ute, Neb.—Were obliged to hold portrait over until next issue in which it will certainly appear. The matter is, however, too old now to render the sketch referred to as matter of general interest. Thanks for attentions.

W. J. S., Cheyenne, W. T.—Had previously received items sent. Later communication was not of sufficient general interest for our columns. Shall be glad to have accounts of matters of note in your section, provided they are received in season.

ELION, Corleaux, Texas.—The work of which you inquire is marked by the somewhat free and easy ideas of morality, characteristic of the time, but its purity of diction, poetical sentiment and general charm of style have rendered it, in spite of matter to which the over-fastidious might object, one of the works over which succeeding generations of mankind pore with undiminished delight.

J. S. M., St. Charles, Minn.—The numbers of the GAZETTE you speak of can be obtained at this office. We propose to give sketches such as you refer to—during the publication of our pictures of New York life, now in progress, but the portraits in question would decidedly not be acceptable to the majority of our readers. Shall be glad to receive accounts of interesting happenings in your vicinity from you.

HUNTER'S EXECUTION.

If there were any lingering doubts in the minds of that class of the community whose sympathies are so readily awakened in behalf of condemned murderers, either as to the guilt of Benjamin Hunter, or as to the propriety of taking the life he had forfeited under the laws, those doubts must be entirely dissipated by his voluntary confession, unless the doubter is saturated with philanthropy to the verge of monomania. Never, probably, in any murder trial, was a more complete chain of evidence developed, link by link, to unfold an accused criminal beyond the hope of breaking than was witnessed in Hunter's trial. Yet, as long as he could wear the mask of innocence, could solemnly call upon God to witness that innocence and fortify his assertions by a character for business probity and all the social and domestic virtues which had been built up, with none to question its soundness in a long period of years, there were to be found numbers of persons who refused to believe him guilty, and still more who thought that Jersey, at all events, had no right to hang him were equally prepared to doubt Pennsylvania's jurisdiction in the case and, in short, were more than doubtful if he ought to be hung at all.

Taken at his own estimate of himself, as given in his confession, however, he has been put to the very best use, from the stand-point of society of which he was capable. He shows himself to us in that confession as cold-blooded and heartless an assassin "as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," and the startling portrait he gives of his real self causes one to muse wonderingly upon this model husband and father, this upright business man going about among his fellows daily with his calm face and easy methodical air, conveying no hint upon his smooth, unruffled surface of the demonic passions and the awful possibilities of murder that lay beneath.

Throughout the changing scenes of the tragedy to its culmination he displays a disposition so bloody, so remorseless and so utterly cruel that it seems simply astounding that he could carry it so long through life, occupying the position he did in society, and yet, so far from being suspected of its possession, be credited with almost every attribute directly the reverse of his real nature.

One cannot help wondering, in this connection, whether there are not other Benjamin Hunters, as yet undeveloped and unsuspected, whom we are meeting every day, taking by the hand, regarding as model citizens, as the Benjamin Hunter, who has just figured as the chief actor in the ghastly scene at Camden was regarded, just one short year ago. Only one gleam of human feeling is visible in the dark picture, and that was the love of the man for his family, which is evidently earnest and sincere. Indeed, he assigns, that as adding the strongest incentive to his dreadful deed in the hope of securing them from threatened poverty by the money he hoped to secure by Armstrong's murder. Even in this, however, we are confronted by the innate savagery of his character, in the utter indifference he displays regarding the lives and sufferings of his fellow-beings, and the remorselessness which leaves him nothing to regret in the tragedy, after the successful culmination of the first act, in the death of his victim, while he still felt secure in the secrecy of the "deep laid plot," to which he refers with evident pride, but that he had not made himself safe beyond all hazard when he had it in his power. And what was the means to that end upon which this tender husband and father, so anxious to provide for the future of his family, meditated as he crossed the river in returning from his bloody errand? Simply the murder of his miserable dupe and tool, Graham, whom he had dominated by his superior will, weakening his already feeble intellect by plying him with liquor, and tempting him to his ruin by the offer of a bribe he never intended to pay, by hurling him from the boat on which they stood into the dark and icy flood below.

We have given considerable space this week to the history of this memorable tragedy and its culmination. Having our artists on the spot, the only illustrated journal thus represented, we have been able to present to our readers a full and accurate illustration of the scenes of the execution as well as to give them a fresh exhibition of GAZETTE enterprise, while other journals palm off upon their readers sketches evolved in their offices, from the imaginations of their artists, several days in advance of the occurrence which they purport to illustrate.

The Chinese Must Go.

Subject of Illustration.

On the first page of the current issue our artist has illustrated not, as it might appear at first glance, a scene of a white woman and her Chinese husband disturbed in the privacy of their domestic relations by an unwelcome intruder, but a curious and not uncommon phase of San Francisco life. The Chinese male servants employed in many of the best families of that city and, in fact, throughout that section of the country, to attend to the household duties which elsewhere are the exclusive function of female servants are frequently utilized by the ladies of the family to assist them

at the mysteries of the toilet. John is quick to learn and willing to do whatever is required of him and, incongruous as it appears to eastern eyes, is found to be a valuable assistant in such duties. Custom has taught them to look upon the docile, stolid, apparently stupid Oriental as a harmless, sexless creature, altogether different from other male human beings, and they become entirely unconscious of the neglect of the proprieties in the functions thus assigned him. The husband or the father, however, is apt to regard the matter in another view altogether. He is inclined to see in the "Heathen" a man, much beneath the Caucasian, to be sure, but still a man with a man's failings, and to consider his employment in such a capacity by his wife or daughters as a very reprehensible laxity. Further than this passive view of the case, he is liable to make an active expression of that view by knocking down the innocently offending Chinaman and "firing" him into the street. John's ever ready explanation, "Me no sabbe," avails him nothing in such a case and a badly damaged bit of China is apt to be the result.

Such an incident recently disturbed, to a serious extent, the wonted serenity of the Henderson household in San Francisco, as graphically depicted by our artist. Mr. Henderson, a wealthy merchant of that city, among his other valuable possessions is the lucky proprietor of a very handsome wife, whom he regards, not unnaturally, with much of the selfish feelings of exclusive proprietorship which men who have handsome wives are apt to display in a marked degree. Engaged in the family as a domestic servant, with all that the term implies, was, until a short time since, an average specimen of the Chinese exotic as he blooms upon the Pacific slope. Returning to dinner with a friend, at an earlier hour than usual, he hurriedly ascended to his wife's apartments to announce the fact. Entering unceremoniously as was quite right and proper in the head of the house what to him was an appalling spectacle met his gaze. There stood his wife before her mirror, in very decided dishabille, while kneeling beside her was the Chinese man-of-all-work engaged in the very unmanly service of lacing her stays. The revelation was an entirely new one to Mr. Henderson. He had known that John could be utilized in a multitude of ways such as was probably never thought of in respect to any other species of man servant upon earth, but he had never before dreamed of the utilization being carried to that extent. The revelation was not a pleasant one. In fact, so unpleasant was it that, as soon as he recovered from his first astonishment, he reached for the bland child of the Flowery Land, who had given no other sign of recognition of his presence than to look up at him with an idiotically innocent grin, and gave him the "grand bounce" in such vigorous style that John showed up at the nearest police station shortly after with a badly cracked cranium. It was at first supposed by the powers at the station that he had been waylaid by one of the Chinese highbinders, but a little close questioning revealed the facts of the case. Between groans and sighs the unfortunate Celestial explained as follows: "Me puttee on lady's colset. Ole man come in; makee much fightee; puttee head on me; kickee me alle samee damn big mule."

We believe there has as yet been no decided expression of the sentiment of the fairer portion of the population of the Pacific Slope on the Chinese question, but, in the light of this revelation of such a phase of the domestic arrangements of that section we cannot wonder at the cry that goes up from the sterner sex, that the "Chinese must go."

The Odenthal Murder.

[With Portraits.]

Jacob Odenthal, a respectable German farmer, about seventy years of age, resided alone, some six miles from Dubuque, Iowa. Being quite feeble, he wrote to his nephew, Cornelius Melcher, a single man, about thirty-five years of age—then in Germany—inviting him to come over and remain with him during the remainder of his life, promising to make him heir to all his property, said to be valued at about \$5,000. Melcher arrived in January last, and the deed of the property was made out and lodged with Esquire Ball, to remain with him until the old man's death.

On the 2nd day of July last, Jacob Odenthal was found dead in the road, about one and a half miles from his farm, and near the residence of a neighbor who was not on friendly terms with him. After the body was discovered Melcher was examined. He claimed that Odenthal had saddled his horse the evening previous, about nine o'clock, rode away, since which time he had not seen him. Sheriff Peter Ferring, Deputy Salot and City Marshal Dicks, after making a searching investigation, arrested Melcher. He was tried, convicted of murder in the first degree, and on July 30th was sentenced to hard labor in the Anamosa Penitentiary for life, by Judge Wilson, of the District Court.

It appears that Melcher killed his victim in the house on the evening of July 1st, the fatal weapon being an ax. Blood was found upon the wall inside the house. The skull was brought into court and shown to be fractured on both sides and front in a terrible manner. After killing Odenthal the murderer dragged the body to the ash-house while he saddled the horse. He then put the body on the horse, tied the legs underneath the animal, and led the latter a crooked route to where the body was found, the body slipping around under the horse several times during the trip, as was evidenced by the trail.

One stirrup and strap was found on the leg of Odenthal when the body was discovered and the horse was running loose with the saddle and the

other stirrup on him, as though the old man had broken the stirrup-strap and fallen from the horse, but the stirrup was put on the wrong leg, however, effectually disjoining of the murderer's strategem. The officers who made the capture are entitled to much credit for their shrewdness and perseverance in getting a chain of evidence which binds the murderer for a life-time. The trial lasted ten days. District Attorney Powers and T. S. Wilson were counsel for the state, and Hon. Frederick O'Donnell and H. G. Mullweber, Esq., made an able defense for the prisoner.

The latter was unmoved during the entire trial, save once, when his uncle's skull was taken out of a bandbox, when he exhibited a slight tremulous movement of the muscles of his face.

Melcher was found sharpening a knife in his cell at one o'clock in the night after receiving his sentence, with the evident intention of taking his own life. Deputy Sheriff Salot landed him safely in the Anamosa Penitentiary on the following day.

Authentic portraits of Melcher and of Deputy Sheriff George Salot, who is entitled to a large share of credit in working up the case, appear on another page.

"Dr." O'Donnell, the Unsuccessful Libel Sutor.

[With Portrait.]

Charles Carroll O'Donnell, a professed practitioner of the healing art, in San Francisco, and a member of the California Constitutional Convention, deemed it advisable, in the plenitude of his wisdom as a part and portion of that body, to suggest the incorporation in the proposed new constitution of a better system of checks upon the freedom of the press, as he regarded it, the license of the press than had yet been afforded by the existing laws of any of the states of the Union. It is possible that the so-called doctor had an interested motive in the matter, and it is possible that he was actuated by a desire for the public good. It was in the former view that the San Francisco Chronicle chose to see it, and that journal came out in a scathing article suggesting that the proposed amendment of the libel laws was especially in the interest of the said so-called, who, being a vile, heartless abortionist, and a good many other ugly things, which were liable to bring him into public notice, had good reason to deprecate the freedom of the press. The so-called doctor retorted with a libel suit against the Chronicle, which recently closed so unsatisfactorily for the plaintiff that he stands virtually convicted of all the Chronicle had charged against him, has gained a notoriety thereby that is altogether unpleasant and unprofitable for him, and is likely, by this time, to have felt the primary effect thereof in being summarily expelled from the convention.

Pauline Markham.

[With Portrait.]

Among the many brilliant figures who have delighted the public upon the burlesque stage within the last decade, none have been so strongly entrenched in the favor of amusement-lovers or have held that position longer than the charming artist whose name heads this article, and a splendid portrait, in costume, of whom, is presented on another page. Miss Markham's history and artistic characteristics are so well known to theatre-goers all over the country, that it is scarcely necessary to recall them here. As showing how well she has retained her hold up on the favor of the public, it may be mentioned that she has recently closed a very successful engagement in "Aladdin," at the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, her first appearance in that city, where she was always a prime favorite, in a long time. She was enthusiastically received and played to capital houses throughout.

A local paper in speaking in very flattering terms of the event, remarks that she "acts with a freshness and vivacity that offered a sharp contrast to the rest of the company."

The Norwalk Tragedy.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we present an authentic portrait of William Buchholz, the servant of John Henry Schulte, the aged and wealthy gentleman who was murdered close to his residence, on Roton Hill, near Norwalk, Conn., on Friday evening, December 27th, a full account of which, with illustration, was given in our preceding issue. Schulte had the reputation of being miserly and eccentric and was known to be in the habit of carrying large sums of money on his person. Buchholz' account of the murder was that it was perpetrated by several men, supposed to be tramps, who waylaid his master and himself as they were going through a forest near Schulte's house, and that he was also attacked and severely injured by the murderers. Subsequent investigation, however, has developed circumstances tending strongly to implicate Buchholz in the crime, if he was not the actual perpetrator.

Irving, the Heroic Fireman.

[With Portrait.]

An authentic portrait of John W. Irving, the heroic fireman of Engine Company No. 29, is presented on another page. Irving was a fine specimen of one of the finest branches of the public service in this or any other country. He lost his life while fearlessly engaged in the discharge of his perilous duties at the disastrous fire at 78 Vesey street, on Tuesday morning, 7th inst., a deed of courageous fidelity in the face of death which entitles him to a high place on the long roll of New York's bravest municipal heroes.

In Quebec, on the 10th, Michael Farrell was executed for the murder of Francis Conway, in August last. He pleaded aggravation on the part of Conway. The execution caused great excitement.

A DEAD MAN'S SIGNATURE.

Ghastly Spectacle in the Death-Chamber of a Wealthy and Eccentric Testator.

THE EAGER HEIRS

Go Back of the Decision of the King of Terrors and Guide the Fingers of the Corpse

TO FRAME THE COVETED WILL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On October 12, 1864, Ebenezer Smith died at his home in Allston street, in Boston, Mass. His estate, at the time of his death, was valued at about \$500,000. The heirs were the widow, Mrs. Eliza Smith; one son, Isaac T. Smith, a well-known merchant and banker of New York; two daughters, Sarah W. Thorndike, the wife of Dr. Wm. H. Thorndike, a physician of high standing in Boston, and Eliza W. Smith, of West Medford; and two grandchildren by a deceased daughter, Hazen J. Burton, Jr., and George S. Burton, both employed as clerks in a large clothing house in Boston. The widow, Mrs. Eliza W. Smith, and one of the daughters, Mrs. Thorndike, have since died.

When the last will of Mr. Smith, which purported to have been made a few days previous to his death, was opened, it was found that the estate had been unequally and unsatisfactorily divided among the several heirs—the son, Isaac T. Smith, and the daughter, Mrs. Thorndike, getting

THE GREATEST PART OF THE PROPERTY.

The Burton heirs, who represented, after taking out the widow's dower, one-fourth of the estate, were remembered only to the amount of \$500 each. This unequal division of the estate caused great surprise and disappointment to the Burton heirs, as the grandfather had always entertained the tenderest affection for his daughter up to the time of his death, and after her decease had shown much interest in the prosperity and welfare of her children. The small sum left the Burton heirs aroused suspicion on the part of their father that some undue influence had been used by members of the family who were so liberally provided for. Eminent lawyers were at once consulted by them to ascertain whether evidence as to the making of the will could not be obtained to impeach it and set it aside on the ground of undue influence, mental feebleness of the testator, or perhaps forgery. The will was duly probated. A suit was at once begun to test its validity and to show under what circumstances it had been executed.

There were three witnesses to the will—A. A. Foster, who died soon after the execution; Anna G. Giles, the nurse who attended Ebenezer Smith in his last sickness, and Margaret Patterson, a servant in the Smith household. It seems that at the time the first legal steps were taken to contest the will the

WITNESSES TO IT COULD NOT BE FOUND.

Consequently the suit resulted in an attempt to compromise by giving the Burtons \$5,000, but the proposal was never accepted by them, and the property was distributed under the will. But other evidence was afterward obtained and in June last the will was again assailed by a suit, which fell through on technical informalities. Still another suit was instituted by the Burtons, and on December 4 hearings were begun in the Suffolk County Probate Court. Some eighteen allegations were set up in the petition to declare the will null and void, among them undue influence, mental incapacity of the testator, and the charge that the signature was forged, in pursuance of a conspiracy to defraud the Burtons.

The testimony of Hazen J. Burton, father of the petitioners, was to the effect that he married testator's daughter, Harriet L. Smith, in 1834; that his failure in business was followed by coldness on the part of the Smith family; that he was not allowed by them to visit the testator; that he was astonished at the will, but could get no explanation from the relatives; that Ebenezer Smith always expressed great tenderness for his daughter, Mrs. Burton, during her life, and interest for her children, and that the testator lived in fear of his son Isaac, in whom

HE HAD NO CONFIDENCE.

In fact, there seemed to be a selfish avarice on the part of the children, and chronic suspicion on the part of the father, who would not even drink a cup of tea at home without rinsing the cup in hot water, nor eat meat until others had tasted it. In 1861 Mr. Smith wrote to witness that his son, Isaac, and his daughter, Mrs. Thorndike, wanted to rob him of his last dollar and last pound of flesh. Just before his death he was found wandering about the streets in slippers and dressing gown, and without a hat, and when urged to go home he said: "Home! I have no home." Of the making of the will witness knew nothing, but believed it was made

while the testator was unconscious, or under the threats of his family.

Mr. Foster, the third witness to the signature of the will, is dead, but the surviving witnesses, Anna G. Giles, the nurse, and Margaret Patterson, a servant, told on the stand a remarkable story concerning its execution, which was more compactly related in corroboration by Eliza W. Smith, the only surviving daughter of Ebenezer Smith. This lady has been twice married—first to Thomas P. Smith, a Boston merchant, who lived at West Medford, and died several years ago, and afterward, in 1862, to Colonel Genn. She obtained a divorce from her last husband, and

RESUMED HER FORMER NAME.

Her story of the execution of the will is in substance as follows:

When I arrived at the house, on being sent for, I found my father ill and in an exhausted condition. He sat in an easy chair in a stupefied condition, as though under the influence of some powerful narcotic. Dr. Thorndike was his physician. There had been a great talk about father's will. On the day on which the will was signed, my mother said to me: "You won't oppose it, will you?" Sarah W. Thorndike, Isaac T. Smith, my mother and myself went into father's room for the purpose of having the will signed, Isaac having brought it from the lawyer who drew it up. It was one o'clock. Mrs. Giles, the nurse, was in the room. When we started to go into the room Isaac said: "We had better go quickly, for I am afraid he is too far gone even now to sign it." We went into the room. Father was reclining in a large easy chair, apparently in a comatose condition. Isaac advanced to him, aroused him by placing his hand on his shoulder, and said: "I am going to read your will to you." Mrs. Giles, the nurse, objected, because he was too sick. Somebody said: "I wouldn't"; "YOU WILL ONLY LOSE TIME."

It was suggested that another witness was required, and Mr. Foster was sent for. He came in. Isaac then said, "Father, sign your will." He replied, in a dazed manner, "My will?" and shook his head, saying, "No." Mrs. Thorndike said, "We are all here, pa, and we all want it." He shook his head again. Mrs. Thorndike again said, "Eliza is here, and she wants it, and we all want it." Father was again relapsing into a comatose condition, when Isaac went around his chair quickly, and took his hand with the pen in it. It partially slipped from my father's fingers, and Isaac wrote the name. When the name was written my father's eyes were closed, and when Isaac took hold of his hand the pen was falling from it. If he hadn't taken hold of his hand the pen would have dropped out. The will was

SIGNED UNCONSCIOUSLY.

At the time of the signing my father could not have any knowledge of what was being done. The will was not read to him, or to any of us present. The reason I did not object at the time was that they would have put me out. I always felt that a great wrong was being done when the will was being executed and probated."

Mr. Ebenezer Smith's life was in many respects a strange and weird one. He built a brick cell for himself in his house, with walls about a foot and a half thick, and the windows had iron gratings. There was an iron door to the cell, and frequently Mr. Smith shut himself up in it, and when any one came to the door he would keep perfectly still and not answer either a knock or a call. At the time of his death, and some time previous, he was kept constantly drugged with whisky. With all his wealth and ample estate his life seems to have been anything but a happy and peaceful one, for he lived in constant fear and suspicion of his own wife, sons and family, and was harassed and distracted by family dissensions, strife and bickerings. His fortune was

HIS GREATEST MISFORTUNE AND CURSE.

The hearing has developed another romance, which possesses an interest deeper even than the recital of the ghastly deathbed scene. This relates to Eliza W. Smith, the witness who threw so much light upon the history of that scramble for wealth. In 1860 she went to Washington and started a school for young ladies, having previously had a similar school at West Medford. While in Washington she enjoyed the acquaintance of several statesmen, among them Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, and if her letters are indicative of the true state of affairs, she had a worshiper in no less a person than President Buchanan. Her ostensible motive in seeking the friendship of such influential men was the advancement of her school; but this was not her only purpose. She was seeking Government offices for her sons, her husband, and other members of her family. She got a Consulship for her son Thomas in France, and wrote her father that she was looking about for a military appointment for her husband, Colonel Genn, whom she hoped soon to see advanced to some high office. When the war broke out Mrs. Smith was obliged to abandon her school, which she said was, at the time, in a very flourishing condition. In the following letter to her father

SHE WROTE OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN:

"DEAR FATHER: Glorious news! I called today on Senator Gwinn, and he became so deeply interested in me he told me to use his name any-

how! And he would bring his wife to talk with me, for he was satisfied that it was the very school for his daughter, and she must come. More and better still! I went to President Buchanan as appointed; saw him up-stairs in his sanctum, and he was so interested he begged me not to go home yet, for he wanted to see more of me, and any time I sent up my card I should be admitted to his privacy! He said I was the sweetest woman he had seen in a long time, and he must see more of me! That he would see Gwinn and make him and others send their daughters. That I might use his name just as I pleased and whenever I wished. He followed me down to the door (how unpresidential!) and kissed his hand to me. It was a 'dead hit,' but of course he can do no further good, as I think he is determined not to marry, though he said nothing about it all. If anybody could make him marry I am sure it would be me, but I think he never will, so I give it up. I wish to dine with him, and get him to get some Senators' daughters, as he says he will. That's all so don't expect anything more, for I know he never intends to marry. I am progressing as well as I can with my room door locked, and when a knock comes not answer or know who it is

"FOR FEAR OF SOME SCAPE."

When Carrie gets here I shall do twice as much, and Tom can help me a great deal. Here is the field ripe for the harvest. I shall write to you every day, or Tom will; and you are destined, I think, yet to see the glorious results of all your care and toil in the success of that seminary, and perhaps in some other way. Before my own gratification, my dear father, I shall rejoice in yours. Affectionately your daughter, ELIZA." Again, under date of June 15, 1861, at Washington, she writes:

"DEAR THOMAS—Yours of —, with ex-President Buchanan's note, came yesterday, and it was a good panacea for the mystification for the banker case, for Buchanan has now no object, social or political, to move him, and it was an evident sincere token of friendship, which, after the finale at Washington, I did not expect. I do not think I have done any real harm with the banker, but I probably worried him, and as he knows nobody that can speak of him to me, he is not sure I am not a splendid

"IMPETOR OF THE FEMININE GENDER."

As to the result of Mrs. Smith's relations with President Buchanan, she persistently refused on the witness stand to give any satisfactory answer, but evidently she and the President had come to some sudden change or crisis in their friendship, as she was in receipt of tender letters from him, some of which are now in existence. An autograph letter from President Buchanan was written under date of June 15, 1862, to Ebenezer Smith. It is as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR—I have received your favor of the 9th inst., requesting me to furnish your daughter with a letter of introduction to Queen Victoria. I regret to say that such letters are never addressed to her majesty. The only mode by which a foreigner can be presented to her is through a foreign Minister. You are doubtless well acquainted with Mr. Adams, who may perhaps be able to accomplish the object. All this will be a difficult task, as the Queen is in mourning, and does not hold levees. I have a most agreeable and tender recollection of your daughter, and sincerely

"WISH HER HEALTH AND PROSPERITY."

I am sorry that you have so written your name that I can't make it out, though the rest of the letter is perfectly legible. When you write to your daughter, please remember me to her in kindest terms, and believe me to be, very respectfully, yours,

JAMES BUCHANAN."

The object Mrs. Smith had in seeking an introduction to Queen Victoria seems to have been a royal alliance with the cousin of the Queen on the part of her son Thomas, for she soon after this wrote that the arrangements and negotiations had been settled in detail, and spoke in glowing terms of the distinction that awaited her and the Smith family in a royal marriage. She wanted her father to advance a few thousands, merely to give Thomas a respectable beginning; but when once in the royal family he would be taken care of or advanced to some high Government office. In this prospective marriage she saw castles, great estates, princely retinue, and homage within her possession. What grounds there were for these hopes of Mrs. Smith is not revealed; but the marriage so glowingly and enthusiastically spoken of by her

NEVER TOOK PLACE.

Mrs. Smith sometimes wrote in cipher, but the ambitious turn of her mind shows itself on the slightest pretext. In this practice she connected her husband, Colonel Theodore Genn, by way of comparison, with Aaron Burr, Napoleon, Louis XIV. and Alexander the Great, as they all used a kind of cipher. Mrs. Smith, in another letter, wrote that she would marry a rich old Mississippi planter, and take herself away from Washington society and life, where there was so much gossip and tattle. She wrote soon after the appointment of her son as Consul to France that she was sure that Henry Wilson, "her true friend," would obtain a commission in the army for her husband, Colonel Genn, whom she ex-

pected to see rise high in military rank. But Senator Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, or some other senator or representative, had come in to claim the office for his part of the country, which she so confidently expected for her dear husband.

Mrs. Smith seems to have been very fond of society and the

DIVERSIONS OF THE GAY CAPITAL.

Although, after an absence of a few years in France, she returned to Washington and found almost everyone there a stranger to her, she evidently did not consider it, as is usually the case, a cause of regret, but wrote: "How fortunate! I have returned to Washington, and no one knows me. They are all strangers to me." Mrs. Smith seems to have been greatly troubled with the low state of her finances, and was frequently sending to her father for checks and drafts to allay and appease her angry and persistent creditors. She received, under the alleged fraudulent will, about \$52,000, but, notwithstanding this, and the fact that she had forty pupils in her school at Washington, many of whom paid her \$1,000 per annum, \$12,000 of her legacy went to her Washington creditors. The trial which is now going on promises to be of long continuance. But should the Burton heirs succeed in setting aside this will, there is another, made but a few months previous to the last one, which seems to rest on more substantial grounds, and which is not now in dispute.

Chess with Ham and Pianos.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Recently there was an entertainment at Choral Hall, Sewickley, Allegheny county, Pa., which was certainly of a unique character in that county. Something somewhat similar is described in Robert Minturn's "New York to Delhi," though in that case it was backgammon or checkers, instead of chess. For the tournament in question Choral Hall was secured and seats were arranged, according in every direction from the chess board, so that all might be able to see the whole affair. The squares were made of red and white cloth, each some two feet square. The figures were all well-known young ladies and gentlemen connected with the church and congregation, dressed in appropriate and quite showy costumes. The players were Robert P. Nevin and Frank J. Totten. These gentlemen were elevated on small platforms on opposite sides of the room with each a chess-board in front of him. On these the heralds, Messrs. Harry Priest and John Tasse, waited and gave out in a distant voice the moves to be made. These the pursuivants, Lieutenant Osgood, U. S. A., Professor in the Western University of Pennsylvania, and Colonel J. I. Niven, saw were correctly made. Soon after eight o'clock one of the trumpeters, Alexander Irwin, in a spirited manner, sounded on his cornet a summons to the contest. This was answered by Mr. Stern, an admirable cornet player, somewhere in the distance. Shortly afterward the Reds and Whites with a trumpeter at their head entered the hall and took their respective positions in fine order. Composed as they were in large part of some of the prettiest girls in that part of the state, all tastefully decorated and accompanied by their respective kings, knights, bishops, &c., all suitably caparisoned with spears, shields, armor, flags, &c., it made really a beautiful sight. Judge Kirkpatrick served as marshal, and he, very gracefully, with some capital played side bits, as usual with him, at prominent gentlemen present, introduced the players in the contest to the audience as at old times at tournaments, though it was suspected that he drew his lore more from Ivanhoe and Sir Walter rather than from Hoyle.

The contest for the first move was with the bow and arrow by two of the beautiful pawns, and resulted in favor of the reds. Mr. H. P. Nevin struck out boldly at once and was met by Mr. Totten with equal promptness. For two hours and over the battle waged with varying success—with some mistakes and mis-movements, of course, but watched for a country neighborhood, with intense interest—a number of gentlemen taking down every movement carefully, and many of the ladies watching with no less interest. The players were evidently annoyed or startled out of their equanimity by an occasional short, sharp blast of the cornet, reminding the player that it was time to declare his move. Gradually the pawns, knights, rooks and the white queen began to disappear. Mr. Nevin sacrificing an important piece to get the guard of Mr. Totten's pawns broken; but this done he seemed to be constantly on the aggressive, receiving salutary hints every now and then that his opponent was not to be trifled with. But about half-past ten o'clock it was evident that in three or four moves "checkmate" would ring out on the ears of the whites. Very gracefully and in excellent spirits Mr. Totten said: "The whites surrender; we have done our best, but in vain." Mr. Nevin responded, acknowledging courteously that, in the excitement of the occasion, the rough reminders of the trumpeter, the applause of the audience and some mistakes on the part of the living chessmen, it was difficult to keep cool, and that he should go into another contest with Mr. Totten with no little trepidation.

A Brother's Murderous Jealousy.

[Subject of Illustration.]

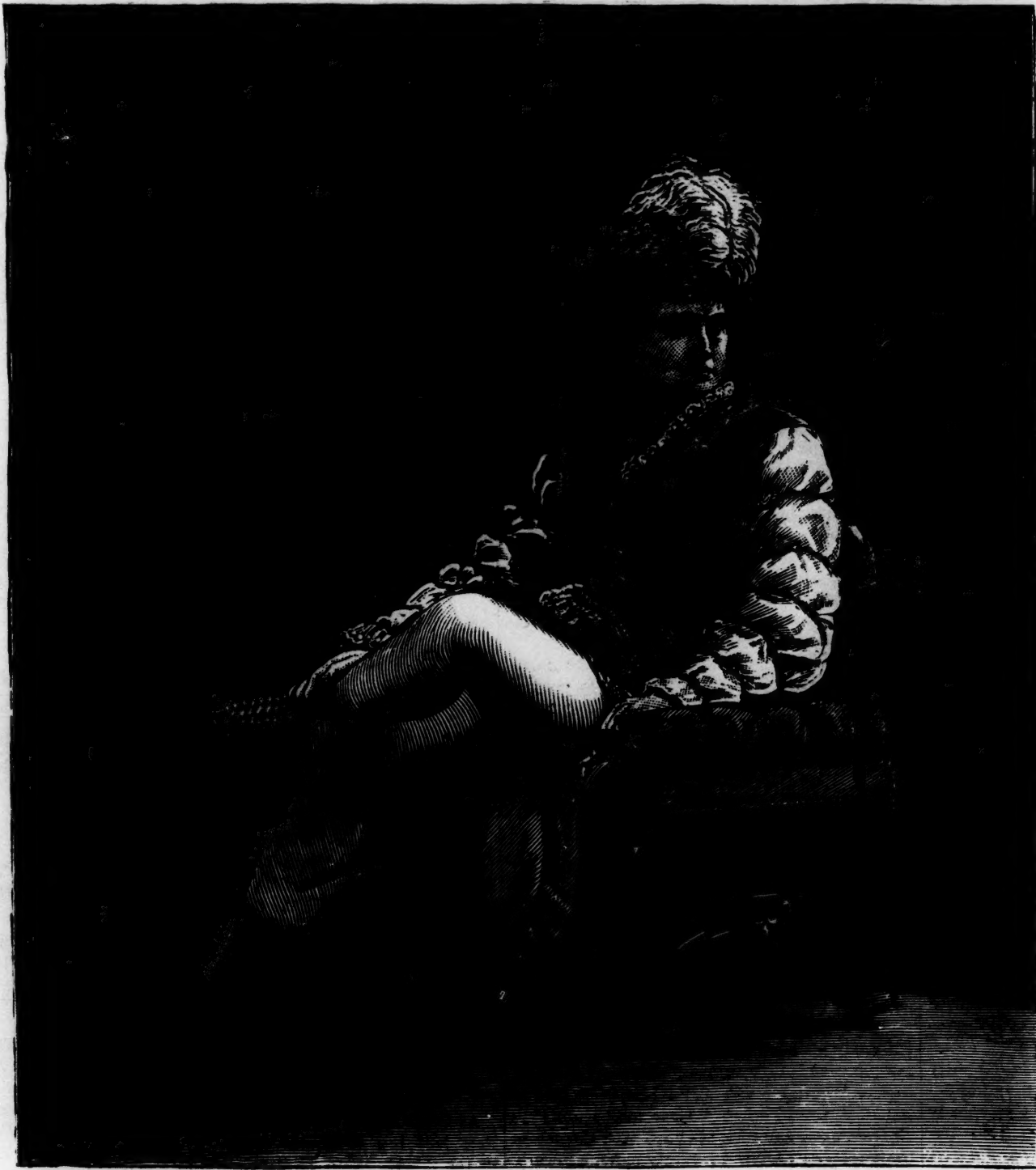
Boston, Mass., January 8.—This afternoon the occupants of George Wright's base ball establishment, 790 Washington street, and passers-by on the street were startled by the report of a pistol in the doorway of the store. Rushing thither they found a man with the blood streaming down his face from wounds about the nose. He said his name was George M. Skinner, and that he had been shot by his brother, Stephen A. Skinner, who had run away. The passers-by who saw the shooting pursued the would-be murderer down Washington street, the number increasing at every step until a large crowd was in pursuit.

Constable Herter, seeing the state of affairs at a glance, collared the fugitive, and, with the aid of Patrolman Burleigh, he was taken to station four, where, upon being searched, \$150 in money and numerous papers were found upon him. He claimed to be a detective and denied shooting his brother, but when confronted with the revolver, with two barrels discharged, he said he knew nothing about the matter.

He further said that he and his brother had lived with their mother until a few days since, when George ran away with a pretty cousin, whom, he said, he "ought to have had." He said he met his brother George this morning and asked him to come home to their mother; but George refused. He met George again, he said, at a quarter past eleven, in front of Geo. Wright's; but what transpired there he would not reveal.

Joseph Shaughran, who was present during the conversation, said he did not see the shooting, but saw the prisoner throw away the pistol on Bennett street, and secured it.

The ball entered on the right



PAULINE MARKHAM, THE STAR OF THE BURLESQUE STAGE.—See Page 2.

side of the nose, above the arch, and is lodged in the nasal bones. The prisoner is thirty-two years of age and resides in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he is a private detective. The wounded man is twenty-four years old, and was educated and started in life by his brother, who supported his mother and his present wife, who seems to have caused the quarrel.

Stephen, the would-be murderer, arrived from New York this morning, and discovered his brother, after a search, at 43 Pleasant street. He called on his brother, and according to his story, was contemptuously received. He, however, made an appointment to meet him at George Wright's store, where, after some few words, he alleges that George drew a revolver, and that in self-defense he drew his own revolver and fired, with the result above stated.

Perilous Position of Lady Skaters.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HARRISBURG, Pa., December 31.—A party of young ladies were skating on the river ice yesterday and ventured rather too far from shore for safety. The ice began to move as they were in full height of the exhilarating pastime, and before they were aware of it the smooth surface on which they were skating began to float off. A scene of the utmost confusion ensued. All hurried to get to shore as soon as possible, and escape the danger that seemed sure to overtake them, and the screaming indulged in awoke the echoes from the Cumberland shore. The residents of the vicinity were attracted by the cries, and several gentlemen hastened to the rescue, finally succeeding in rescuing the fair skaters from their perilous situation. The ice held together until shortly afterwards, when it floated away



PERILOUS POSITION OF A PARTY OF LADY SKATERS, WHO ARE CARRIED OFF ON A HUGE CAKE OF FLOATING ICE, ON THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER, AT HARRISBURG, PA.

Settling a Wager.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was fun in Tompkins square on New Year's Day. Louis Detzel had made a wager with Alexander Richards that O'Leary would be defeated in the recent walking match in Gilmore's Garden. The terms of the wager were that the loser should wheel the winner in a wheelbarrow three times around the square, a distance of about two miles. As O'Leary was the victor in the walking match, Mr. Detzel lost the wager.

At precisely ten o'clock on that morning, Mr. Detzel appeared at the northeast corner of Tompkins square. He wore a white necktie, white vest, white gloves, black pants, dress coat, and a nobby silk hat. He was provided with an ordinary wheelbarrow. It was decorated with miniature flags—red, white and blue ribbons and evergreens. Mr. Richards was also on hand. He was dressed in

FULL BROTHER JONATHAN COSTUME, white hat, a coat made of an American flag, striped pants and cowhide boots, which looked as though they had done service on the rugged farms of New England. He mounted the wheelbarrow. Instead of sitting well forward so that his weight would come upon the wheel, he sat upon the back part of the wheelbarrow, thereby compelling Mr. Detzel to carry the greater part of his weight. The latter, however, did not complain. He manfully seized the handles and started. A crowd of about 2,000 men and boys

WITNESSED THE SPORT.

The first round of square was made at a rapid rate. There were many irregularities in the path, and the wheelbarrow jolted so much that Mr. Richards found it difficult at times to maintain his seat. Once he was nearly thrown off. On the second circuit at each of the four corners of the square a short stop was made to give the propelling power a chance to regain his breath. Toward the close of the second circuit Mr. Detzel showed much weariness. Great beads of perspiration stood upon his face, and he panted like a steam engine. Once he accidentally dropped the handles from his hands, but he took a firmer hold and trudged onward. The spectators cheered, which

SEEMED TO GIVE HIM RENEWED COURAGE.

At the commencement of the third circuit the excitement among the spectators increased. Several of Mr. Detzel's friends urged him to abandon the task. Even Mr. Richards said, "I have ridden far enough, and am willing to consider the wager fulfilled." But Mr. Detzel would listen to nothing of the kind. "I am bound to do what I have agreed to accomplish," said he, "and nobody shall say I have backed out." At each corner a long rest was taken. As the wheelbarrow rolled in on the "home stretch" the spectators were wild with enthusiasm. They cheered themselves hoarse. At the close Mr. Detzel dropped the wheelbarrow, and the occupant tumbled out. Mr. Detzel's wife approached, and taking his arm, walked away with him. She seemed much pleased because her husband had accomplished the task.

Mr. Detzel is twenty-six years of age, and weighs 140 pounds. He is of slender build. Mr. Richards weighs 142 pounds. The judges were George Wasson and F. H. Koch, and the referees Paul Schmidt, Charles Schmidt, Fred. Vois, Fred. Mass and Henry Retzel.

At the beginning of the march the police demanded that a permit for the "procession" be shown, but they were finally convinced that no permit was needed, and the sport was allowed to go on.

A Brave Girl's Defense.

[Subject of Illustration.]
JERSEYVILLE, ILL.,
December 31.—A dastardly attempt at rape was made on Saturday morning upon



MISS ELLEN GOBLE'S PLUCKY DEFENSE CAUSES THE PRECIPITATE RETREAT OF A VILLAINOUS BLACK TRAMP, NEAR JERSEYVILLE, ILL.

the person of Miss Ellen Gobie, who has been an inmate of the family of Dr. Allen A. Barnett (brother of James F. Barnett, of Chicago,) residing four miles southwest of here, by a huge black monster, who knowing that Miss Gobie was alone, went to the house and demanded admittance, and, upon being refused, threatened to break down the door. Miss Gobie armed herself with two revolvers and opened the door, pulled the trigger of one, but the cap snapped, and the villain wrenched it from her hand, but she got the other and brought it into requisition when the scoundrel fled and the plucky girl after him, but, owing to the fact that one of the cartridges was not in far enough, the second revolver refused to perform duty, and the negro, throwing the pistol at her, and barely grasping her head, made good his escape, since which no trace or track can be found of him.

The Awful Guillotine.

Since the double execution of Barre and Lebiez in August last, public opinion among the better classes has imperatively demanded the discontinuance of public executions and the adoption of the English and American system. The commission has reported a set of rules and regulations which, when adopted, as I suppose they will soon be, will put an end to one of the most frightful amusements of Paris. Executions have gradually become less dramatic and spectacular than of old. Then there was a sort of pomp, of deliberation and ceremony about them. Now they are hurried, rude and bald—butcheries, not sacrifices. The guillotine is set up within twenty paces of the prison, so there is no ghastly royal progress of crime through the streets. It stands on the flagstones, so there are no steps to climb. On a principle of shame and selfish humanity the prisoner is left in utter ignorance of the day and

the hour of his doom; is even encouraged by his jailers to amuse himself and to hope for respite or pardon till the fatal morning arrives. Then, half mad with the sudden horror and despair, he is accorded a short shrift and a glass of brandy, has his hair cropped, is pinioned and marched out by gendarmes to meet his last acquaintance, M. Boch, city headman. Within twenty minutes from the time the man is awakened the whole thing is over. It is said that scarcely two minutes pass between his appearance under the archway of the prison entrance and his being carted off to the cemetery and the washing down of the guillotine. The Place la Roquette will henceforth lose much of its ghastly character and all of its interest for Parisian roughs and roystering young swells of the Lord Tom-Noddy order. A few weeks ago hundreds of men of both these classes remained all night before the prison and in cafes near by to witness an execution at five o'clock in the morning, but had their vigil for their pains, the criminal having been most unexpectedly reprieved. The rage of the disappointed crowd, expressed in yells, imprecations and threats of serving La Roquette as their honored forefathers served the Bastille, had something to do in hastening the reform which better and wiser people are rejoicing in to-day, almost as a fait accompli. The guillotine is quite too handy a thing to have about in Paris. It is no longer painted blood red, but dark green, but it is the same old rapacious monster, the same instrument of implacable vengeance as ever, so prompt, so swift, so silent, so sure, so horribly suggestive and inciting. It is proposed, under the new arrangement, to quite dispense with the ceremonies peculiar to the execution of parricides. Hitherto they have been veiled black, presenting figures of mysterious awfulness, blindly struggling in the hands of their executioners, showing more terror, as well as exciting more horror than all other criminals. Formerly the parricide's right hand was severed from his body before his head, but that part of the punishment has been done away with for some years.

How She got Even with the Lovers.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the young gallants, of Potstetown, Pa., in the employ of an up-town baker, repaired the other evening to the domicile of his dearly beloved, on Washington Hill, with the express intention of spending the evening in her society, and her's alone. But a serious obstacle in the form of one of Reading's fair damsels presented itself. How to rid themselves of this young lady is what puzzled the minds of the lovers, but where there is a will there is a way, and the lady in question was induced to retire, which she did rather reluctantly and vowing vengeance on the young couple. As she entered her room she accidentally discovered a small bucket filled with spoils and she at once conceived the idea of placing the bucket at the head of the stairs and fastening one end of a string to the bucket and the other end to the knob of the door below, which had to be opened to leave the room. No sooner thought of than done, and the young lady retired to her couch fully satisfied with the trap she had laid. Towards the wee small hours of the morning the young man, opening the door to depart, was startled until his hair stood up like the quills on the fretful porcupine at the terrible racket which greeted him. Nor was he the only one startled. Another actor appeared on the stage, the father of the household, and if ever a young man lit out of that house in a hurry, it was our young friend.

In Terre Haute, Ind., on the 5th inst., two cooks had a quarrel in a restaurant kitchen, in which Albert Hall, (white) badly stabbed Geo. Smith (colored.)



MR. LOUIS DETZEL WHEELS MR. ALEXANDER RICHARDS THREE TIMES AROUND TOMPKINS SQUARE, IN A WHEELBARROW, IN SETTLEMENT OF A WAGER ON THE O'LEARY-CAMPANA WALKING MATCH, NEW YORK CITY.

HUNTER HANGED.

The Final Ghastly Gallows Scene Which Fittingly Closed the Memorable Camden Tragedy.

FROM HIS IRON CAGE,

The Self-Confessed Murderer and Would-be Suicide is Carried, Bound and Stupefied,

TO THE HANDS OF THE EXECUTIONER

[With Illustrations and Portrait.]

On the night of January 23rd, 1878, the city of Camden, N. J., was thrown into a state of intense excitement by a terrible and mysterious murder which had been committed, at an early hour of the evening, on one of its prominent thoroughfares. The scene of the tragedy was in front of 518 Vine street, which was occupied by a family named Fidele. The night was bitter cold; no stars were visible, and the darkness was profound. Not long after dark Fidele's son went down cellar, and was working at his father's vice when he heard a heavy fall on the sidewalk above. There was a sharp, metallic ring, as though a hatchet had been dropped. The boy called his father's attention to what he had heard and they went up-stairs and stepped out upon the walk. A man lay at their feet, breathing heavily. No one was in sight. The night was so dark that they could see but a short distance. By the dim light of a window they saw an express wagon a few doors below. As the man lay partly in the street, they supposed he had fallen from the wagon, but on inquiry they found

IT WAS NOT THE CASE.

The wounded man was taken to a drug store. He bled freely, and left a trail of blood from Fidele's house to the druggist's. An examination showed that he had received a terrible blow on the top of the head, and received four cracks in his skull in the form of a Greek cross. A stimulant was administered and the man gave a gasp, but showed no further sign of life.

As they took the man in, Fidele asked the man the time and he answered, "Ten minutes to seven." A crowd surrounded the druggist's, and one of them recognized the man as John M. Armstrong, proprietor of a music typographical establishment at 710 Sansom street, Philadelphia. His family were notified, and came after him at midnight. They say that he opened his eyes after they got home, but before morning the doctors pronounced him dead. He was about forty-four years old.

An hour after Armstrong's removal to the drug store Fidele's son, remembering the sharp, metallic ring heard while he was in the cellar, went back with some companions to ascertain its cause. They found a hatchet near the cellar window. Part of its edge was broken away. They also

STUMBLED UPON A HAMMER.

It was very old, and had a rivet through the handle near the head of the hammer. It was supposed that Armstrong's skull was crushed by the sharp edge of the hammer. The handles of both hatchet and hammer bore the initials, "F. W. D." These letters had been cut into them with a knife. A microscopic examination showed that they were fresh cut, and that sand had been rubbed into them to give them the appearance of age. There were two men living in Camden whose names answered the initials. One was Ford W. Day, an honest butcher living a long distance from the scene of the murder, and the other, Ford W. Davis, who resided but four or five doors from the spot. The first was a stranger to Armstrong, but the latter had had unsatisfactory business relations with him. Hard words and sharp notes had passed between them and, it was said, that Armstrong was on his way to Davis' house, with the intention of effecting a final settlement.

WHEN HE WAS ASSASSINATED.

Davis and one De Marris, also living in Camden, were formerly in partnership in the produce business in Philadelphia. Armstrong was drawn into business relations with them and trouble ensued.

On the morning after the murder the finger of public suspicion pointed to Davis. The initials on the hammer, the fact that he used a similar instrument in an odd job of knocking the mortar from old bricks, and, above all, his monetary difficulties with Armstrong, were brought up against him. On the night of the murder Armstrong is said to have left the law office of G. B. Carr, Fifth street, Philadelphia, saying he was going to see Davis and De Marris; that they both owed him money, and he was afraid of them. On this evidence alone, for they knew nothing about the letters, Davis was arrested by the authorities. The public indignation was so great that lynch law was threatened. Davis told the story of his difficulties with Armstrong, and that led to the arrest of De Marris. It was then charged that Benjamin Franklin, a blacksmith of Dock

street, Philadelphia, had lent the hammer with which it is supposed the murder was committed to De Marris, while the firm of De Marris & Davis was in existence. After apprehension, both were placed in solitary confinement. Nobody was allowed to see them. Ex-Senator James M. Scovel was employed as Davis' counsel, but was forced to get an order from the Judge of the Supreme Court before the Chief of Police would admit him to the prisoner.

DAVIS PROVED AN ALIBI.

Meantime the authorities struck another trail. De Marris told them that Benjamin Hunter, a well-known resident of Philadelphia, held large insurance policies on Armstrong's life. An inquiry at the house of the murdered man brought to light the following letter, which was delivered to his wife on the night of the murder by one of his employes:

I will not be home much before 9 o'clock P. M. I am going over to Camden again with Mr. Hunter on business connected with the Davis matter. JAMES M. A.

Frank will not be home to supper. He is going down to tea to Gould's.

Frank was Mr. Armstrong's son. He told the authorities that while on the way to dinner on the day of the murder, his father told him that that morning Mr. Hunter said that Mr. Davis had money in the bank, and that the parties were deceiving him. Hunter advised Frank's father to go over that evening and see Davis. The father told the son that he was going to do so, and

HUNTER WAS GOING WITH HIM.

Hunter was accordingly called upon by the Camden sheriff, in company with a Philadelphia detective. He consented to go to Camden with them, and after being examined by the district attorney, was placed in confinement. Benjamin Hunter belonged to an old Philadelphia Quaker family, and his character had previously been above suspicion.

He lived in quiet style, and was reputed to be worth about \$60,000. Much of his money was made through the invention of a patent back log boiler. He had practically retired from business when he became acquainted with Armstrong. Armstrong was very poor, and seems to have been a shuffling business man. Hunter loaned him money to carry on his music printing establishment, and advanced small sums until Armstrong owed him nearly \$8,000. He was regarded as a special partner, and did not want himself considered a general partner. His friends claim that he insured Armstrong's life at Armstrong's suggestion, and that the extra insurance was for the benefit of Armstrong's family, in case of death, also that Armstrong paid a portion of the money for the premiums, and promised to pay all, and Hunter said that his receipt would be found somewhere among Armstrong's papers. All the policies, however, were signed to Hunter. The total amount of insurance was \$26,000.

Hunter's friends were indignant at his arrest, asserting his innocence and that he had been basely entrapped into admissions that formed the

GROUNDWORK OF THE CHARGES AGAINST HIM.

They were about to take steps for his release, when they were checked by the prisoner, who declared that he would not go out until every one was satisfied of his innocence, and he was free even from suspicion.

After a delay of several days he was granted a formal hearing, the Mayor presiding, assisted by Justice Oakeside. In spite of the suspicion, however, the case against Hunter remained a weak one until March 20th, when Detective Yoder arrested Thomas Graham, a young man in Hunter's employ, to whom his attention had, for certain reasons, been directed in connection with the murder. Graham was a rather weak-minded young man, addicted to drink, reckless when intoxicated, and known to be entirely under the influence of Hunter. At first Graham treated his arrest lightly, laughed with and chaffed the officers for the trouble they had taken. He agreed readily to go to Camden.

On the way the detective said, "Graham, we've got you dead on this thing. You helped to kill Armstrong. You struck the first blow and Hunter finished him."

Graham's face did not betray the slightest emotion, and the detective began to think he had overshot the mark.

Arrived at Camden, Graham, still at his ease and unconcerned, was put through a searching examination before Mayor Ayres, but denied all knowledge of the crime. After two hours had been spent in this way Graham suddenly broke down.

"Well, I won't stand this thing any longer. I'll tell you all I know, I do know all about the murder, and

"I'LL CONFESS IT ALL."

He then proceeded to give a detailed account of the conspiracy, stating that Hunter had first plied him with liquor and then, knowing his poverty and his weakness under liquor, tempted him with the bribe of \$500 to do the deed. His story ran that Hunter's words were "Armstrong owes me a lot of money and he has got to be killed." He also said to Graham "If you don't do it you are no friend of mine." Graham promised to do it, but says he did not intend it

when in his sober senses. It was only under the influence of liquor that he entertained the murderous thought, but he meant Hunter to believe it that he might get money from him. Meantime Hunter would give him small sums of money, just enough to keep him drunk and not enough to do him any good. On New Year's Eve Hunter waited for him at the doorstep of Graham's house and said to him: "Take this hammer. This is what it has got to be done with. It has got a man's name on it, F. W. D. (meaning Davis). Kill Armstrong with it and let the hammer lay, and it will be blamed on him, as Davis owed Armstrong money." This hammer was the one found near the body.

Some days later Hunter gave him a plan or drawing of the situation of the house where Davis lived in Camden, showed him the whole location, and said he could kill Armstrong when he went to Camden and put his body in one of the cellars in the neighborhood. He did not see Hunter again until

THE DAY BEFORE THE MURDER.

Hunter then said, "It's got to be done to-night." He gave him a postal to mail, directed to Davis' in Camden, purporting to be from Armstrong, saying that he, Armstrong, would be over that night at seven. Graham did not go over, however. Next day he met Hunter and explained that he could not find Armstrong. Hunter then said that he had made arrangements to go over with Armstrong himself that night. The murder was then arranged between them and Graham spent the rest of the day in drinking. The latter then went home, got the hammer and the hatchet which Hunter had given him and met Hunter at six o'clock, at Eighth and Sansom streets, Philadelphia. Hunter was disguised by a felt hat and a handkerchief covering his whiskers. He went to Armstrong's office, Graham following, met Armstrong, took his arm, and the pair, with Graham still in the rear, walked down to Market street ferry and across. On the other side Hunter and Armstrong took a street car and Graham accompanied on the sidewalk on a run. When they arrived at the fatal spot, Hunter left Armstrong to go into an alley, and, as prearranged, called out to Graham, "Yes, lit him." Armstrong being deaf, did not hear this death summons, and Graham coming up to him struck him on the forehead, right in front of him, as he expressed it. He saw Armstrong stagger and his courage failed him. He dropped both hammer and hatchet and

RAN TO THE FERRY.

On the boat he met Hunter, and saluted him simply with "Well?" Hunter replied, "Well, I finished him; I had to hunt some time to find the hatchet." After they crossed Hunter gave him twenty-five cents. He met Hunter again next day and received ten dollars from him. That was the last he heard of him until he was arrested.

Hunter was duly indicted for the murder, and his trial commenced in the Camden Court-house on Monday, June 10th, before Judge Woodhull, presiding. Ex-Secretary Robeson and Colonel Scovel were counsel for Hunter, and Mr. Richard S. Jenkins conducted the prosecution. Shortly before 10 o'clock Mrs. Hunter, her features concealed beneath so many thicknesses of a brown veil that they were undistinguishable, entered the court-room from the rear, together with her daughter, who peered from behind a blue face-covering. John Hunter, the image of his brother, a wealthy and well-reputed citizen of Philadelphia, accompanied them.

When Hunter walked with form erect and rapid step into the court-room, each man whispered to his neighbor, and twelve hundred whispering voices made no low-toned hum. The very curious rose to their feet, and those in the rear, indignant at the shutting off of their line of vision, with Hunter at its furthest end, shouted aloud, "Sit down! Sit down!" Benjamin Hunter, as composed as though his entrance had created no excitement, walked smilingly and briskly up, and bending low before ex-Secretary Robeson,

SALUTED HIM WARMLY.

He looked like a very good-hearted gentleman, were it not for his eyes. Their pupils are as contracted as a cat's in the noonday's glare. Hunter appeared perfectly nerveless, except that he stroked his beard constantly, and evidently devoured every word that fell from counsel's lips; but not a joke was made that he did not seem to enjoy. Graham, the self-confessed accomplice, was first called to the stand and occupied the attention of the court during the greater part of the week corroborating the testimony previously given in his confession.

It was shown during the trial that while his victim lay unconscious and in his bed after he had been removed to his home, Hunter visited him under pretense of sympathy, went to his bedside and tore off the bandages to increase the hemorrhage and accelerate his death. This revelation tended to still more deeply inflame the popular feeling against the accused, though it was strenuously denied by him in his evidence. A powerful effort was made by his counsel to prove an alibi, but it failed completely.

Hunter himself was the last witness called. Aside from the interest attaching to his appearance on the stand, there was little of note in his

testimony and nothing in his favor. Quite a scene was created on one occasion by his violent outbreak of temper during his examination by Prosecutor Jenkins, on being confronted by a Mr. Sproule, whom he denied having ever seen or called upon to inquire for Graham, as Sproule asserted. The Prosecutor called upon Sproule to stand up, and, turning to Hunter, said: "That is Mr. Sproule, Mr. Hunter,

"LOOK AT HIM."

Hunter's iron self-control for once forsook him, and his passions seemed to get the upper hand of him entirely.

The prisoner, looked squarely at the man, and raising from his seat, said emphatically, "I never saw the gentleman before."

"Oh, my!" the man gasped, in a half whisper.

"Were you at this man's house that Sunday evening?" demanded the Prosecutor.

"I was not! I was not! and if he says I was he lies!" exclaimed Hunter, in a loud voice. "Yes, sir, stretching his arm and shaking his finger at Mr. Sproule, with flashing eyes, "You're a liar, sir!"

"You're another," in a low tone, answered the man, facing him.

Hunter, still standing, glaring at the unexpected witness, his eyes flashing with anger and his finger still shaking pointed at him, repeated, quickly, "There, to your face, you're a liar!"

"Peacefulness of character!" was Mr. Jenkins' satirical criticism, as he looked over his shoulder and nodded to the counsel for the defence, quoting the language of their

"GOOD CHARACTER" TESTIMONY.

All this had taken place very rapidly, and by this time Colonel Scovel was on his feet, peremptorily calling to his client, "Don't make such remarks!"

"I'm not going to stand here and have my life sworn away by liars!" Hunter broke out once more, still on his feet and glaring at Mr. Sproule. "Don't make such remarks! Do you hear?" said his counsel, sternly.

"I ask pardon of the Court," said Hunter, with an obsequious bow, his manner changing; then, in an undertone, with a parting look at Mr. Sproule as he resumed his seat, "you're a lying scamp!"

"Gentleness of disposition!" commented Mr. Jenkins once more, upon which Hunter turned to him with an apologetic bow, saying, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Jenkins, if I have been impolite!"

Then the cross-examination was resumed, and Hunter once more was quiet and apparently self-controlled, although

HE SOON CONTRADICTED HIMSELF.

Hunter's counsel made a desperate fight for him throughout. On Monday, July 1st, Hon. G. M. Robeson commenced his argument in his behalf, which was continued throughout the next day. On Wednesday, the 3rd, Prosecutor Jenkins commenced his address. At its conclusion, Judge Woodhull charged the jury in a brief address which was thought to bear strongly against Hunter. The jury retired at five and were ordered to report at eight. At half-past six o'clock they returned with a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree."

When it was announced by the foreman, in a clear voice, Hunter's face did not show the shadow of an expression. He still kept his head on the chair back and his eyes fixed on the foreman, but Ex-Secretary Robeson dropped into his chair as if he was the person found guilty. His florid complexion changed to an ashy paleness, and his breath came quick like a man in great distress. When he turned to look at Hunter great tears were trickling down his cheeks.

An attempt of an outside friend to carry strychnine to Hunter was discovered just after the beginning of the trial but it was until near its close that

THE PLOT WAS REVEALED.

Application was at once made by his counsel for a new trial and, as argument in the matter could not be heard until November, a respite until that time was at least assured him.

When, however, the appeal was finally brought before the Court of Errors and Appeals, that body affirmed the decree of the lower court.

Governor McClellan was appealed to, but he refused to interfere, and the preparations for his execution were completed. Nearly \$20,000 was spent in the effort to secure his release. Never but once during the whole of the year that Hunter has been in prison has he declared himself innocent of the crime for which he was tried, and that was when he pleaded. On this occasion he said, "Not guilty, so help me God." He maintained the utmost self-possession and composure until the last few days.

One of the last persons, outside of his own family, to take leave of him was his counsel, Hon. George M. Robeson, who had been so devoted to him. On leaving Hunter, Mr. Robeson took his hand and said, "Well, good-by, Mr. Hunter, I shall probably not see you again." "Oh, well, good-by," rejoined the doomed man, carelessly,

"I SHALL MEET YOU IN HELL."

Later, however, he broke down visibly, and seemed somewhat affected by the conversation of his clergyman, Rev. R. H. Allen. The latter had urged him to make his peace with God and

man by confession, to which he replied with emotion, "Yes, I will make my confession, but it will be only to Christ."

Night and day he was under the sleepless eye of the jailer, and never for one moment was this vigilance relaxed, as he was known to be a desperate man, and it was known that he had sworn to cheat the gallows.

In spite of this vigilance, it has since leaked out that Hunter did, on the Sunday before his execution, make a determined attempt at suicide, which came near proving successful. He had some days previous, it appears, managed to secure a tin cup, and on Saturday evening when his guard was being changed he tore the vessel to pieces.

On Sunday evening when the day watchman left him he deliberately carved into the calf of his leg. He had almost succeeded in severing a main artery when he dropped to the floor from loss of blood. An alarm was quickly given, medical aid was summoned and the life of the wretched man was preserved to be sacrificed by the law.

The following account of the execution is furnished by our correspondents:

CAMDEN, N. J., January 10.—Benjamin Hunter was hung at 11:25 A. M. He was executed in the centre of the main corridor of the first floor of the court house, at the spot where it is crossed by another passage. The condemned man was brought down the stairs at the end of the long corridor, which is a hundred feet long, from the third or top floor.

A more disgraceful legal butchery was never witnessed in any civilized community. A vast crowd had collected both inside and outside of the building. The greatest disorder and confusion prevailed from early in the morning until after the execution. The ribald jests of the crowd—the blasphemy and cursing—and the thorough incompetency of the sheriff and his assistants, made a scene full of such horrible details as

ONLY THE PENCIL OF HOGARTH COULD PICTURE.

Hunter's last night was passed in terrible misery, counting the hours, and wishing, yet fearing the advent of his last day on earth. Fitful sleep occasionally came to the relief of the doomed wretch. In his hideous dreams he moaned and groaned. Never in God's world was a more perfect incarnation to be seen of mental despair and physical abasement than was to be witnessed in the case of this engaged murderer. With a guilty start he sprang from his couch at about six o'clock. The hum of returning life was heard outside and inside the prison.

With his awakening came reality. His morbid hallucinations were now of the past, and grim death stared him boldly in the face. The wretched man, thus brought in view of eternity, trembled. His face was ashen pale. He was hardly able to stand erect. Breakfast was brought him, and a dainty one, but he was unable to eat. The loss of blood, caused by his recent attempt at suicide,

HAD HELPED TO PROSTRATE HIM.

Hunter's brother, who has remained faithful to him, called later on, and had a long talk with him. Meanwhile daylight had broken over the tomb of the living. The condemned man, as if in a trance, listened to the shouts, the jeers which were to be heard all around. He trembled once more, and became a pitiable object. The sheriff tried to instill a little manly courage into him, but in vain. He was literally dying with fear. The shouts of the people in the jail grew louder and louder, and the greatest confusion and disorder reigned. At about eleven o'clock the county physician proceeded to the cage-room of the condemned. Hunter was very weak. His brother, son-in-law and the Rev. Dr. Kunkleman, of Philadelphia, were with him.

There was no possibility of infusing any life into the moribund creature. Meanwhile the officials had not been idle, and the sheriff

HAD THE GALLOWS TESTED.

The rope was soaked by the constables. When the sheriff and his deputies came to announce to Hunter that the time for his execution had arrived, they found him in a swooning condition and perfectly unconscious. No time was to be lost, if the hangman was not to be cheated. He felt the brace of his executioners, and as they carried him down-stairs toward the gallows, a convulsive thrill passed over his frame.

The perjured and cruel murderer could not have then been recognized by hardly any one who knew him. He looked as if he came from the grave instead of going to it. He was finally brought to the gallows in the corridor of the first floor of the court-house. Here a dense crowd had assembled. Many a heartless remark was passed as the quivering and now semi-conscious wretch was carried

THROUGH THE CROWD TO THE GALLOWS TREE.

The white cap having been adjusted, the sheriff in slow and deliberate tones said: "Benjamin Hunter have you anything to say?"

A silence audible ensued, and whether Hunter was unable or unwilling to speak will never be known in this world.

No answer came.

Then the sheriff, nerving himself for the effort, cut the rope; but as the rope was too long and

Hunter too tall, Hunter's feet did not leave the floor.

A tremor went through the spectators.

Three hangman's assistants thereupon pulled on the weight rope and Hunter dangled till he died.

The physicians said at once that his neck was not broken, and, although he died by strangulation, he gave no outward evidence of pain, hanging quietly, as though he died instantly.

At 11:40 his pulse ceased entirely. The body was cut down, examined and turned over to Hunter's brother, who conveyed it to the condemned man's former residence.

HUNTER'S CONFESSION.

It was not until the story made apparent by the first of the evidence on the trial that he called his counsel to him and told him in detail the whole story. This is the only confession that Hunter has made, and in it he goes over the story of the crime, filling in the missing links not shown in the evidence and completing the whole history. The material features of this confession present what occurred after Graham struck the first blow and before the two met on the ferryboat, and tells also, in fuller detail than has hitherto been known, of the causes which led to the crime. In his story to his counsel Hunter said in substance that although he was reputed to be rich and said to have at command a large amount of money, yet this was not so, for he had many liabilities pressing hard upon him, and the claims he had against Armstrong were those to which he looked for immediate relief. These he could not collect, and seeing that there were no hopes of enforcing payment, he asked Armstrong for a list of his debtors, and among them he found the name of Ford W. Davis, learned the history of that transaction and conceived his plot to throw suspicion upon the latter. He admits that Graham told the truth in his statement throughout, but that he did not know many things which were needed to complete the chain. His financial difficulties and his dread of having his family in danger of poverty he puts forth as his powerful impelling motive for the deed.

Negro Murderer Caught.

SEDALIA, Mo., January 5.—John Hogan, colored, was arrested near Webb City, in southwest Missouri, last Friday, charged with fatally injuring by a slung-shot, Robert H. Fewell, a resident of this city, on the night of December 3rd. Mr. Fewell was returning home that night and observed some one approaching him from the rear. Supposing the man wished to pass him, he stepped to the sidewalk, when the stranger gave him a terrible blow on the back of the head, felling him to the ground. The assassin then placed his feet on each side of Mr. Fewell's body and began rifling his vest pocket, but when the prostrate man recovered consciousness and began to rise, he was dealt a heavy blow on the forehead. Fewell was taken home, but died eight days thereafter. He was never able to very definitely describe his assailant, further than to his general appearance and that he was a negro. A colored man named Charley Martin was arrested for the crime, but was discharged a few days ago. Evidence was learned sufficiently to point to John Hogan as the really guilty party. Hogan left Sedalia soon after the murder and went south, evidently for the Indian Territory. Ex-Policeman Turner undertook the search, and last Friday arrested Hogan in Jasper county and safely locked him in the county jail last night. The date of his preliminary hearing has not been set.

Sensational Divorce Suit.

MARYSVILLE, Ohio, January 6.—A petition for divorce and alimony has been filed by Julia S. McFadden against Harrison McFadden. The petition states in substance the following: That on March 26, 1867, plaintiff and defendant were married. That they have ever since lived together as husband and wife. That the defendant did on divers days and nights during the month of December, 1878, and before that time, commit adultery with one Anna Carl. The plaintiff says she was the widow of Joseph Smart, deceased, when she married the defendant, and had one daughter by her first marriage. That she has no other children. That she and her daughter were together possessed of some valuable property, to wit: a fine farm, two or three thousand dollars cash, and other property. That the defendant, as her husband and guardian of her child, obtained the possession and control of said property, and she now seeks to recover back her property and also sues for divorce and alimony.

Judge Porter granted an injunction restraining the defendant from disposing of his property.

The plaintiff, Mrs. McFadden, is a handsome, intelligent lady, and is very highly respected by the defendant, Dr. McFadden, is county coroner and physician for the county poor, and has hitherto borne a good reputation.

Mr. John W. Healey, the missing man of Rockport, Ind., whose portrait we published a few weeks since, turned up in that town on the 31st ult. He had been laid up sick during his travels and was unable to communicate with his friends.

A VIOLENT VISITOR.

Eccentric Antics of a New Year's Caller Who Proved to be a Dangerous Maniac and Came Near Closing the Festivities With a Tragedy.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Mrs. Caroline Post, a young wife, was receiving calls on New Year's day and evening in her home at 161 Duffield street, Brooklyn. At 8:30 P. M., just as she had dismissed three of her guests, the door bell was rung, and, being near the front door, she opened it herself, thinking the visitor was a friend. A short man, dressed in a common suit of dark clothes, and wearing a Derby hat, stood on the threshold. He was a stranger, and had a demure look. He said to Mrs. Post: "I wish you a happy new year." She said that she didn't recognize him, but when he said that he knew her, and that a friend of hers, naming a person she knew, sent him thither, she admitted him into the parlor. He said that he had been making a number of calls, and that he had just one more to make. Mrs. Post questioned him as to where this call was to be. He aroused her curiosity by pleasant replies, and finally said, with some evident satisfaction, that his last call was to be made at home. She said that that was doubtless the best place for some callers,

AND HE SMILED GRIMLY.

Then he surprised her by saying again that he knew her, and that she had not seen him for fifteen years, and did not remember him. She searched her memory in vain to find some forgotten likeness there of such a man, and was forced to tell the visitor that she had never seen him before. He said that he was forty-two years of age, and that he had been for fifteen years in California.

"I called to see my own sister to-day," said he, "and she didn't know me."

"Then," said Mrs. Post, "you can't expect me to know you."

The visitor was silent for a minute, and then he said, gravely:

"I may be your uncle."

"Oh, may you?" laughed the hostess. "You are forty-two years of age, and I am not much more than half that."

Then Mrs. Post's nine-year old son, Zebulon, entered the room, and the strange man called him to his side, and began to talk to him. Mrs. Post grew nervous, and calling her maid servant, who was the only other adult person in the house, asked her to remain in the room and watch the man. The girl says that as soon as Mrs. Post's back was turned the man began to make

THE MOST HORRIBLE FACES AT HER.

He slipped some wine, and took a bite of cake, and then returned to his seat, continuing to distort his features at the girl when Mrs. Post was not looking. The hostess tried every ruse she could think of to get her caller on his feet, so that she could conduct him out, and at last when he did get up she opened the parlor door. He called the boy Zebulon to him, and told him to put out his foot and his hand, and then, surveying the lad, he said:

"What a fine actor he would make."

While the boy's hand was yet extended the visitor hastily drew from the inside of his coat a long knife, the blade of which glistened as he exposed it. He struck at the boy, but the little fellow jumped back. Mrs. Post screamed, and the servant and the children fled into the street through the front door. Mrs. Post's youngest child was sleeping on the bed in the back parlor, and, fearing her visitor would attack the infant, she stood in the doorway ready to dart either way. Two men passing along the street stopped to inquire what the matter was, and, on being told that there was a crazy or drunken man inside, with a pistol or revolver, they

RAN AWAY AS FAST AS THEY COULD.

The visitor followed out upon the doorstep with the knife in his hand and a fierce look in his face. Mrs. Post fled before him screaming. He threw the weapon into the court-yard, in the snow. Three men then came along, and he walked away. Mrs. Post and her family hurried back into the house and locked and bolted every door. Presently the stranger returned, and slowly paced the length of the court-yard a number of times and looked over the iron railing as though seeking his knife. Mrs. Post, alarmed by his presence, opened the parlor door and said:

"You thief! If you don't leave here at once I will scream murder and have you arrested."

Then he ran away as fast as he could. That was the last seen of him.

The police found the knife in the snow. It is an old-fashioned carving-knife with a silver-mounted handle. The blade has been unevenly ground down to resemble a dagger.

Mr. Post was absent making a New Year's call when his wife received her insane caller.

French Literary Morality.

One of the literary celebrities of France has been getting into trouble again—Mme. Quivogne, who writes under the pseudonym of "Marc de Montfaut." She is a pretty, well-dressed, clever woman, married and a mother, and in her domestic relations irreproachable. But regularly

as she brings out a book she is cited before the courts for "outraging public decency," and fined and imprisoned. Her last book, "Mme. Du-croisy,"—the story of a *bourgeoise* of aristocratic sentiments, who takes recourse in adultery to vent her contempt for her smug husband and respectable, prosaic surroundings, and dies in a mad-house—has cost her \$100 and four months' imprisonment, her publisher being punished with a like fine, and ordered to destroy the edition. The court found outrageous passages on almost every page, and the report of its judgment indicates that the book belongs to a class of literature that it would be using tame language to call "red hot." *Le Gaulois* says that the book would make a horse blush; and *Le Figaro* that its obscenity is deliberate, sought for and coarse. Result—there will be an immense demand for the book, which will, like its predecessors, be reprinted in Belgium; and Mme. Quivogne will employ her four months in prison in writing another one.

The Raoul Murder Trial.

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

YAZOO CITY, Miss., January 3.—In December, 1877, Samuel P. Tucker shot and instantly killed a young man named Raoul, the depot agent and operator at Vaughan's Station, this county. The tragedy occurred in Tucker's store, which is also the post-office. Immediately after the tragedy Tucker was arraigned before the magistrate and released, but on the affidavit of some person, unknown to your correspondent, was again arrested and tried before a court of three magistrates, who, after three days, occupied in the trial and deliberation, refused to admit him to bail, and he was placed in the hands of Sheriff H. L. Taylor, to await the action of the Grand Jury and Circuit Court. After some months spent in jail he succeeded in obtaining a writ of *habeas corpus* to the Circuit Court, where he was ably represented by Colonel Garnett Andrews and J. C. Powell, Esq., of Yazoo City, and General E. C. Watthall, and after an exhaustive hearing and much deliberation on the part of County Judge Calhoun, he was remanded to jail. In this court he was prosecuted by the District Attorney, the array of talent secured in the previous trial having been dismissed by the father of the dead man, who, it seems, had in the meantime visited a spiritualist in New Orleans, who advised him that his dead son's request was to "desist; that enough hearts had been made sad." At the December term of Judge Calhoun's Court, the case was again called for final hearing, and a grand effort in behalf of the prisoner was made by his friends and counsel, and on Wednesday evening the jury retired and soon returned with a verdict of "Not guilty."

Tucker is a young man of twenty-two years, intelligent and possessed of good address and fine appearance, all by his close management and business has succeeded, it is reported, in amassing considerable property. He has many friends who stood firmly by him in his perilous position. I will not allude to the merits of the case, as they have previously been given to the readers of the GAZETTE, but will simply say that during his confinement he gained the general good opinion by his conduct, though, perhaps, there are many who widely differ with the verdict as returned.

A Fair and Unknown Maniac.

LYBAXON, O., January 6.—A strange, educated and refined woman named Mattie E. Davis is now confined in the infirmary of this (Warren) county, and is in the strait jacket. She came, it is supposed, from Cleveland, about three weeks ago, and applied to the Shakers, about five miles from here, and was taken in. Soon after this she showed symptoms of madness, and was conveyed on last Tuesday morning to the infirmary. Here her madness grew worse, and terminated in a final outbreak last night, when she was confined as above. She has a diploma issued in 1857 to Martha E. Davis by the New Brighton, Pennsylvania, Normal School, and has many letters and photographs.

She is remarkably well formed, and has a prepossessing face and a brilliant, brown eye. No one here knows anything of her. Her letters denote that her correspondents are intelligent, educated people. Besides her diploma, she has two certificates of competency as a school teacher. Her valise is a splendid Russia-leather one, and her clothing is good. She has, among other photographs, one bearing the autograph of J. B. Higbee, Louisville, Ky. Mr. John D. Steddom, proprietor of the Lebanon and Dayton Omnibus Line, says that this woman came down from Dayton and inquired for the Shakers, or their village. He directed her, and it is presumed she went at once to their village. Her home is undoubtedly at New Brighton, Pa. She has among her other things a New York Presbyterian paper of the date of 1872, containing a long account of the death of her mother, Mrs. Sarah A. Davis, at New Brighton. In her lucid moments she speaks intelligently, and is undoubtedly a woman of culture. Among her correspondents are Mary J. Jones, St. Louis, Mo., and Sarah Higbee, Library, Pa. Her diploma of graduation is dated 1859, and is signed by R. Curry, principal, and the faculty. Her case is indeed a pitiable one for a sensitive, refined woman.



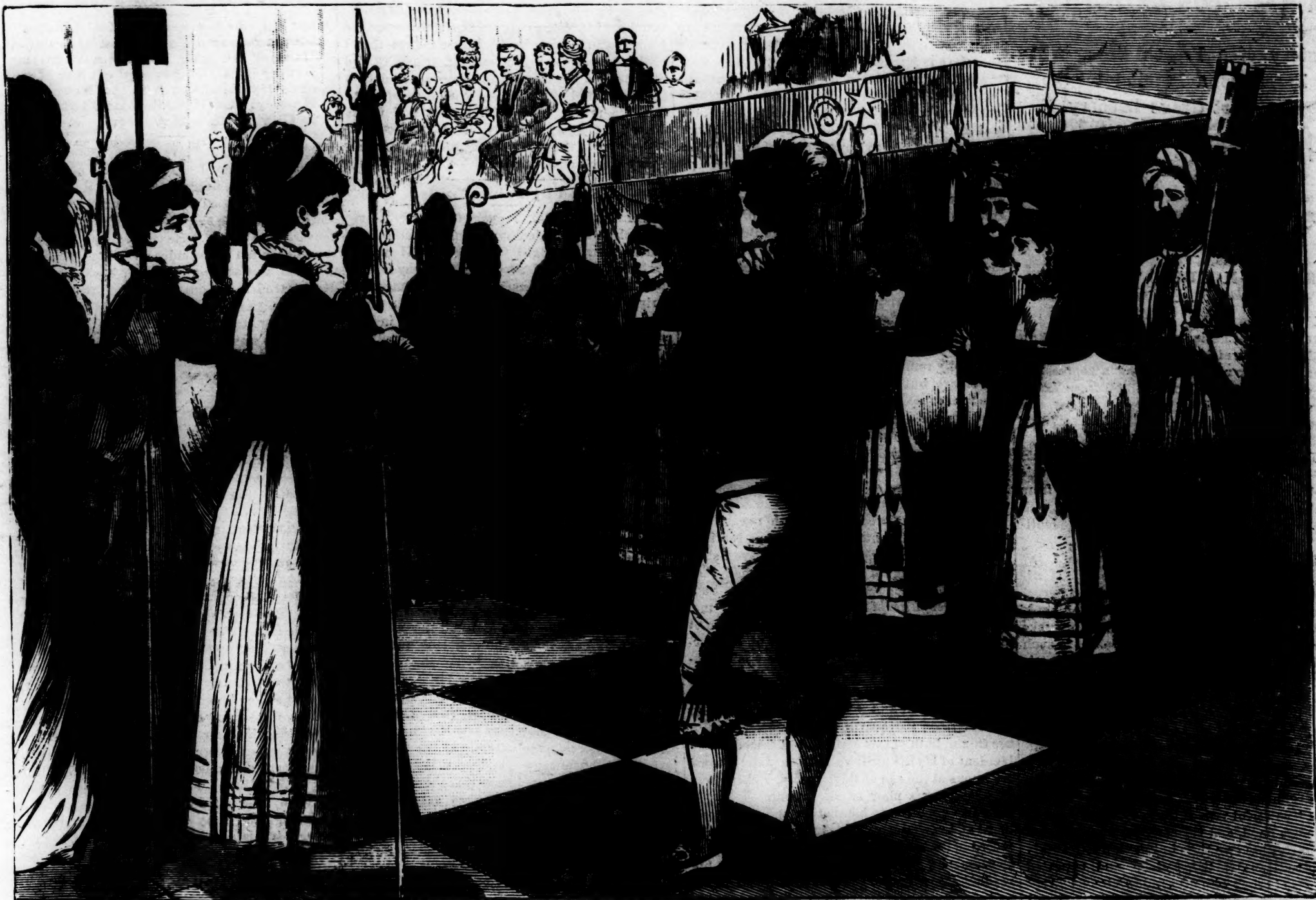
MRS. POST'S INSANE NEW YEAR'S CALLER AND HIS REMARKABLE WAY OF RECIPROCATING HOSPITALITY, WHICH NARROWLY ESCAPED CULMINATING IN A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—See Page 7.



GEORGE M. SKINNER SHOT BY HIS BROTHER, STEPHEN, IN WRIGHT'S BASE BALL ESTABLISHMENT, BOSTON MASS., FOR ELOPING WITH A PRETTY COUSIN TO WHOM STEPHEN THOUGHT HE HAD THE BEST RIGHT.—See Page 4.



JAMES. BROOKS, A NOTORIOUS FRONTIER BULLY AND DESPERADO, RIDES SIXTY MILES TO HAVE A NEW YEAR'S SPREE AT BISMARCK, D. T., SUCCEEDS IN CULTIVATING A VERY INTERESTING ROW AND GOES OUT WITH THE OLD YEAR.—See Page 11.



A NOVEL GAME OF CHS, WITH A BEV OF THE FAIREST GIRLS IN THE COUNTY, FOR PAWNE, AND THE OTHER CHAARTERS BY THE COMPANY, AT A CHURCH ENTERTAINMENT, IN SEWICKLEY, ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PA.—SEE PAGE 3



A DEAD MAN'S SIGNATURE—EBENEZER SMITH, A WEALTHY AND ECCENTRIC GENTLEMAN, DIES BEFORE HE CAN SIGN HIS WILL, AND THE EAGER HEIRS GUIDE THE FINGERS OF THE CORPSE TO FRAME THE COVETED DOCUMENT, BOSTON, MASS.—SEE PAGE 3.

A TALE FOR DETECTIVES.

History of a French Crime Which
Furnishes a Parallel to the
Stewart Grave Robbery.

INGENIOUS SOLUTION

Of a Parisian Officer, Illustrating How
Much Better They Do These
Things in France, and Which

OUR FORCE MAY READ WITH PROFIT.

M. Alphonse Vibert, ex-chief officer of the Secret Police of Paris, is at present residing in handsomely furnished apartments in Clinton place, where he recently received a representative of the city press. Mme. Odille Teresa Vibert recognizing the privacy of the interview discreetly retired under the pretence of fulfilling the daily duties of the household she adorns.

"I think I know the object of your visit," said M. Vibert. "Recent events occurring in this city have rendered you desirous of hearing from me the history of 'The Affair Berthaudin,' with which unfortunately I was more or less identified."

"Believe me," said M. Vibert, "when I say that crime, like love, never stands still. It advances or retreats. A criminal after the perpetration of his first offense either plunges headlong into an ocean of desperate deeds or seeks to evade pursuit by wrapping himself up in such solitude that the most innocent policeman is compelled to ask him where he came from and what he is doing. Such, of course, are

ORDINARY CRIMINALS.

But there are cases where the key to the crime is concealed in many years of silence and self-repression; where the criminal is of cultured mind and keen perception, and where the object of the crime is not gain. In such cases the so-called "powerful arm of the law" is as weak as a woman's hand, and the common constable not only wastes his own time but often irretrievably ruins the hopes of the trained and educated analyzer of crime who may follow him. I do not mean to condemn your detectives *in toto* when I say that for the investigation of the higher classes of crime they are almost absolutely worthless. A brutal burglar bred in equalor will associate with any person, but a man originally a gentleman who may have become a first-class forger cannot be induced to make a confidant of another who wears his dress coat as if Providence had thrown it at him in a moment of forgetfulness and it failed to fall to the ground. In a word, sir, to detect superior crime you

MUST EMPLOY ADVANCED INTELLECT.

So much for preface. Now take the story. On the night of December 12, 1863, M. Emile Berthaudin, manufacturer of silks at Lyons, a millionaire, was murdered in his private residence at Boissy-sur-Marne, of which town he was a native. M. Berthaudin, who was seventy-three years old, was found in his library shot through his head, which had fallen down on the desk at which he had been writing. Nothing was disturbed and nothing stolen. The shot had been fired through a window which opened on the lawn. The country authorities, of course, did not discover the murderer, and when you have heard this story you will not wonder that they did not do so. At that time I was in England engaged in political affairs and did not return to Paris until some three weeks after. In the meantime M. Berthaudin's body had been buried with all conceivable ceremony in a cemetery in the centre of Boissy-sur-Marne, where his family owned a vault. On the morning of the 7th of January, 1869, it was discovered that this vault had been broken into, the casket containing the remains of M. Berthaudin and

THE BODY CARRIED OFF.

By whom and in what manner the authorities were unable to say. My chief was notified, and although I was mainly distinguished as a diplomat I was ordered to investigate the affair. My chief telegraphed the local authorities, "Disturb nothing until arrival of Vibert." The local officers were eager to see M. Vibert from Paris, but they didn't see him. When I arrived, did I make myself conspicuous; did I flaunt my profession before the curious crowd gathered round the church-yard; did I poke my nose about the tombstones or call in the aid of a cur dog to help me in my search; did I encourage an army of special correspondents from the *Figaro* and *Petit Journal*, who gathered round the edge of the dismantled vault like so many Oriental hyenas waiting for a dead man's bones to come to the surface? No, sir. On the contrary not a soul, with the exception of the Mayor, and he was too frightened to say anything, knew who I was. I mingled among the inhabitants, examined the grave-yard, and

THE FOLLOWING WAS MY REPORT:

"The Affair Berthaudin." The graveyard of the church of St. Gabriel, from which the body of M. Emile Berthaudin was stolen on the morn-

ing of the 3rd instant, is situated in the heart of the town. Originally isolated houses now surround it on three sides and the church forms the fourth side of the square. The churchyard therefore is intensely dark at night. The Berthaudin vault is thirty feet from the northern end of the cemetery. It began to snow at a quarter to one o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, and the fall continued until daybreak. There are now from two to three inches of snow on the ground. I am unable to find any footprints around the desecrated vault or in the cemetery, and there are no marks of wagon wheels in the surrounding streets. The side slab of another vault midway between that of the Berthaudin family and the rear wall of the house fronting on the cemetery has been slightly displaced and a small portion of it broken off. A crease or streak disfigured the crispness of the upper surface of the snow from this vault towards the rear wall of the houses.

THE STREAK EXTENDED SEVEN FEET.

I carefully removed the snow along the line of this crease, but found no footprints, and am unable to account for its existence. The case is a blind one. All that I am certain about is that the robbery was committed before one o'clock.

"(Signed) A. VIBERT."

"Such was my report at the time, yet I was never more mistaken in my life. It was accepted by my superiors and filed away. The widow of M. Berthaudin offered an immense reward for the recovery of her husband's body but received no reply. Then I began to ask, if thieves stole the body why should they retain it when they can secure a competence by its return? Suddenly the solution of the mystery came to me. I asked myself if the cause of the crime was not concealed in some unknown chapter of M. Berthaudin's life. Clearly, my business was to investigate that life. I did so. At Boissy-sur-Marne I found the record of his birth. It was perfectly regular and read, 'Emile Berthaudin, son of Gaston Berthaudin and Marie Berthaudin nee Ozin, both of this district.' I traced every incident of his life until he left his native town for Lyons at the age of thirty years. There was

NOT A BLOT IN HIS RECORD.

He was a good son to his mother and an honest, blunt and saving man. In Lyons I found the record of his marriage. His wife's character was spotless and they lived happily. I noted his gradual accumulation of great wealth and failed to find any of those entangling alliances which usually accompany more money than one knows what to do with. His character was above suspicion. I was about abandoning the task in despair when my good genius whispered to me, 'He may have made an enemy of a desperate man.' I searched the records of the Criminal Court of Assize and there, under the date of July 5, 1853, I found the name of the man who fifteen years after murdered M. Berthaudin.

"The entry read: 'Victor Cabuchet, aged thirty years, clerk, born at Dijon, convicted of forgery and appropriation of trust funds, on the accusation of M. Emile Berthaudin. Sentence, TEN YEARS AT HARD LABOR. Grand jury, Presiding Justice.'

"The minutes of the court showed that Cabuchet, while in the employ of M. Berthaudin, had stolen money and forged certain drafts, and that on being found guilty he pleaded for mercy and promised amendment. The presiding Judge, however, said: 'If you are released it will encourage other employees of M. Berthaudin to steal.' Cabuchet was sent to the galleys. When he left Lyons his heart was turned to stone. He had a mother and two sisters. To trace Cabuchet was my next endeavor. Luckily I discovered in the Faubourg St. Antoine a man who had been M. Cabuchet's companion while in the galleys at Toulon. From this old forger I learned that Cabuchet when punished by the keepers, frequently said, 'I will kill him. His wealth will not save him.'

'HE WILL NEVER SLEEP IN HOLY GROUND.'

To my mind Cabuchet was the man that I wanted. I conveyed my precious prize of a galley slave to Boissy-sur-Marne and ensconced him in a window of the principal hotel, from which he could command a view of the street. Four days after our arrival he pointed out a gray-haired man, he said was Cabuchet. Discreet inquiry revealed that the gray haired man was M. Ernest Beaudre, a retired merchant who occupied an old house, the rear of which fronted on the graveyard of St. Gabriel's Church. That night I had the honor of arresting M. Beaudre and found the body of M. Berthaudin buried in the cellar of the house. It was dismembered and mutilated. In one of the rooms I found a large and strong rope with an iron clamp or hook at one end and a pulley at the other. Cabuchet or Beaudre threw the hook end of the rope out of his window until it caught on the tomb between the Berthaudin vault and the wall of his house. This accomplished, he fastened the pulley end of the rope to his bedstead and

LOWERED HIMSELF INTO THE GRAVEYARD.

He placed the body in a sack, which he hauled up into his room by means of a small rope running through the pulley. By this time the snow had begun to fall, and when he climbed up the large rope into his room the snow was two inches deep. He tugged away at the large rope until

the side slab of the tomb gave and the rope dragging along the snow for seven feet before he could haul it clear produced the furrow or crease I alluded to in my report. Hence it was that I could find no foot-prints and no traces of the criminal and pronounced the case a blind one. Cabuchet died of heart disease while being taken from his prison to court for trial, and I was despoiled of some celebrity. Such, my dear sir, is the story of the affair Berthaudin, and after all a very simple affair it was."

Fooled by Fanny Louise.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., January 6.—Henry Hartman, who was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Lennon on Saturday night after the flight of the Tartaric steed of "Mazeppa," Miss Fanny Louise Buckingham, had a hearing yesterday morning early, before Magistrate Pole, on the charge of "illegally concealing goods in the custody of the sheriff," another way of putting getting away with a horse under five deputies' noses. Deputy Lennon and two of his officers swore that they saw Hartman ride the horse off. Miss Buckingham, though the hour was very early in the morning, was present, "standing by" her man, who, she claims, is the agent of her brother, to whom the horse belongs. She endeavored to show by cross-examination that the plaintiff in the execution had given a release of the levy after the levy had been made, wishing the conclusion to be drawn that the horse at the time he was taken out of the theatre, was not in the possession of the sheriff. The defendant also produced a bill of sale, dated a year ago, which showed that the horse had been apparently sold to her brother by Miss Buckingham, and was therefore not her horse. The Magistrate, however, could not look into the question of ownership, this being the function of an action under the Interpleader Act. Miss Buckingham wanted to show by her own evidence that the two deputies (not Lennon), though they swore that they saw Hartman ride off with the horse, were actually at the time enjoying her hospitality in drinks behind the scenes, and were so uncertain that the horse had gone out of the building that they searched the place to convince themselves. But the Magistrate declined to hear her testimony, the prosecution being only heard before him. So he held Hartman in \$1,000 bail to appear at court.

Meanwhile, those who admired the audacity and skill displayed in outwitting the sheriff's deputies by the abstraction of the horse through the main entrance of a crowded theatre looked with some curiosity to know whether the nag got off entirely.

He did.

The sheriff's men had used all the telegraphing facilities of the police to block up the railroad depots and ferries, and put the policemen on the watch for the gray steed, and there was a general scouring in every direction in the effort to pick up the animal. But here again the quick wit of somebody completely balked the officers. The horse, instead of being galloped away to depots or to the country, had been quietly ridden around the corner to a "night-hawk" hack standing in readiness, an old sorrel unhitched and unharnessed from his mate in the "night-hawk," and the "fiery, untamed" harnessed up and hitched to the cab in the sorrel's stead. There was nothing unusual in the sorrel's being taken to his stable, and he was not stopped, as the police were watching for a "gray." Miss Fanny, later in the night, when her man was arrested by Deputy Lennon—the other officers refusing to make the arrest because of Miss Fanny's plucky demand to see their warrant—halted the very "night-hawk" in which her horse was quietly harnessed alongside of another one, and actually drove the officer with his prisoner to the Central station in it and ordered it to stand outside. Arrived at the Central station, the magistrate had to be sent for, and she offered her hack as a means of bringing the judge down quickly. The "Mazeppa" horse did his share of the work, and returned to the Central to take Miss Fanny home for the night. Then, early in the morning yesterday, the nag and his "night-hawk" mate drove Miss Fanny to the hearing, and then the two drove quietly off to a place of safety. Miss Fanny may still be driving around town in that "night-hawk."

John W. Hull, Bond Robber.

[With Portrait.]

John W. Hull, whose portrait appears on another page, is an old resident of this city, a "curb-stone broker," and, apparently, a retired merchant. Field & James, brokers, 16 Broad street, offer a reward of \$5,000 for his arrest and detention. They charge him with having robbed them, on the afternoon of December 28th, of \$30,000 worth of 4½ per cent. United States coupon bonds.

It seems Hull had arranged for the purchase of the bonds, and on the 28th called for them. Being known, they were delivered to him by the cashier. He counted them, placed them in his pocket, and left, remarking he would step to the corner and get a certified check for the amount at his bank. He has not been seen since. Hull is between sixty-five and seventy years of age, but looks much younger, as he wears a wig, and dyes his whiskers and moustache.

A DANGEROUS DAME.

How an ex-Actress, in the Assumed Character of a Young and Beautiful Damsel, Awfully Mashed a Wealthy Lover—His Discovery of her Unchastity Leading him to Drop her Hastily, she Hounds him From City to City With a Revolver.

CHICAGO, Ill., January 4.—On New Year's afternoon a ripple of excitement was created on Randolph street, near the Sherman House, by a handsomely-dressed woman drawing a revolver and attempting to shoot a gentleman who was conversing with her. He seized her arm and the weapon fell to the sidewalk. She picked it up again, and placing it in her bosom, quietly disappeared in the crowd. The following day the affair was reported at one of the police stations by the gentleman upon whom the assault was made, who states the following facts which led to the affair:

About seven years ago Henry Worn, the gentleman in question, who was then a resident of San Francisco, Cal., became acquainted with a young lady boarding at 24 Downer street, in that city. She was about nineteen years of age, and very pretty. Her black eyes and blonde hair made her irresistible, and Mr. Worn, who was then engaged in the furniture business and doing very well,

FELL DESPERATELY IN LOVE WITH HER.

She returned his affection, and after two years and a half of courtship they were engaged to be married. Hitherto no cloud had cast a shadow over their happiness, but it was soon to come about. Two months before the day set for their nuptials Harry Worn made a terrible discovery. He was walking up Clay street one day, when, to his grief and shame, he saw his intended enter a house of notoriously bad repute. He learned, too, that she had been in the habit of visiting the Lick House, and registering with a gentleman as his wife. Mr. Worn, who had lavished the most valuable presents upon his intended, giving her jewelry, clothing, and over \$7,000 in cash, at once broke his engagement with the young lady who had deceived him. He sold out everything, and came East to New York, trying to forget his misery by placing as great a distance as possible between himself and the false one. The latter, whose name is Anna Morris, followed him to this city, and insisted that he should marry her or

SHE WOULD KILL HIM.

He fled to Buffalo. She followed him there with her importunities. He gave her money at the rate of \$40 and \$50 per month, but she was not satisfied. Then he went to Cleveland. She followed close upon his heels with her demands, but meeting with persistent refusal. Then he came to this city, but he could not escape her. He went to Louisville. She was there. In St. Louis he found but a temporary rest from the fury dogging his footsteps. He sought refuge in Indianapolis without avail. With relentless hatred she pursued the hunted man to Detroit, where on the evening of July 4, 1877, she fired two shots at him on Woodward avenue because he still

REFUSED TO ACCEDE TO HER WISHES.

He sought to have her arrested, but she had taken an early train and left the city.

A short time ago Mr. Worn came again to this city and started a job turning factory on the corner of State and Twenty-second street. He thought that finally he would be allowed permanent rest and peace by his pursuer, but it was not to be the case. On New Year's day he met her on the steps of the Post Office, on Dearborn street. She asked him to meet her in the reception room of the Sherman House, at eight o'clock, and he consented to do so. After much conversation, on various topics, she again made a demand that he should marry her, or she would take her life. She magnanimously gave him ten days in which

TO MAKE UP HIS MIND.

He refused, giving his reasons therefor. She then asked him to walk with her as far as the Madison street cars, but they had only got a few steps out upon the sidewalk when she drew a revolver, with the result above stated. She was yesterday richly dressed in a seal skin cloak and a black silk dress. Where she went after attempting to shoot Mr. Worn is not known, as she has not been seen since. Mr. Worn is now looking for her, and, if he finds her, will have her arrested. She has probably left the city, however. In regard to her life before he became acquainted with her, Mr. Worn knows but little. He had heard that she had been an actress in South Wales, but nothing further.

Unfortunate Festivities.

WAXAHACHE, Texas, January 6.—On New Year's eve a dancing party was given at the residence of Jerome Richards, at Chamber's Creek, in this county, and among those present were a young man named Everett and his fiancée Miss Brown. Just before the party broke up there was some skylarking, and in the scuffle Everett's pistol went off, the ball entering Miss Brown's side, and causing a probably fatal wound. The young lady was taken home by her friends.

VALUABLE VIRTUE.

The Spioy San Francisco Scandal in Which Mackay, the Bonanza King, is Badly Involved.

A WIFE'S CHASTITY.

Mr. Smallman Thinks Two Hundred Thousand Dollars a Fair Market Price for it in This Instance.

THE LADY'S LIVELY HISTORY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 31.—A suit of unusual magnitude in the estimate of damages was commenced in the Fifteenth District Court on the 26th, the complaint being that of William H. M. Smallman against John W. Mackay, of Virginia City, claiming \$200,000 for the seduction of plaintiff's wife, Amelia H. Smallman. The complaint alleges that the defendant, contriving and unjustly intending to injure the plaintiff, by depriving him of the comfort, fellowship, society and assistance of his wife, Amelia H., and to alienate and destroy her affection for him, did, on the 15th of May, 1878, accomplish a villainous design against her character, the unlawful intimacy continuing until the 23rd of October following. By reason of these acts of defendant, the wife of plaintiff has become and is now insane; and plaintiff is informed and believes and so charges that she will never recover her former strength and vigor. Wherefore he prays judgment against the defendant for the sum of \$200,000 and the costs of this action. As represented by the attorneys for plaintiff in this case. Mrs. Smallman is a woman of remarkable personal charms, and has been living for the past year with her husband at the Grand and Palace hotels. At a former period she resided in this city as the wife of one Fritz, from whom she was divorced, as represented, in consequence of

HIS DISSOLUTE HABITS.

Her present husband was formerly purser on the steamer Oceanic, of the Occidental and Oriental Line, and he made the acquaintance of his wife while she was returning from China, about two and a half years ago. In consequence of Mr. Mackay's insidious advances, it is alleged by her attorneys in this case that Mrs. Smallman lost between \$25,000 and \$30,000 in the last stock deal, the points Mackay gave her developing adversely to expectation. It is further represented that Mrs. Smallman is now in the St. Mary's Hospital, in a hopeless state of insanity. Such is the complexion of this suit and its surroundings as presented on the part of the prosecution. But a much more extended and interesting narrative bearing upon the case remains to be appended, from which it will appear that the unfortunate lady has been subject to a long series of just such calamities, and quite enough to drive any woman distracted. The alleged victim of Mr. Mackay's perfidy has indeed had an eventful history, many of the leading incidents being familiar to the knowledge of many prominent residents of San Francisco. The lady seemingly belongs to an adventurous class of her sex, of which Cora Pearl is

AN ADVANCED PROTOTYPE.

Her maiden name was Amelia Miles, and she was born in the town of Bucksport, Maine, her father being a laboring man. There is some doubt as to her age, in consequence of a discrepancy in the dates of birth which she has given at different times when taking out marriage licenses. This may be owing, however, to her lack of mathematical computation, as the lady's educational acquirements form no part of her remarkable powers of fascination. She is said to be quite illiterate, and much of her correspondence, which is widely distributed in this city, is the handwriting of an amanuensis. Miss Miles started for California in 1868, making the journey, it is understood, in consequence of the unpleasant results of mistaking a young man's intentions. She came as a steerage passenger to Panama, but from that point a resident of San Francisco, named James Hall, generously provided for her transfer to the luxurious accommodations of the cabin. On reaching this city in the month of September, 1868, Amelia took up her quarters at a boarding-house, 734 Howard street where Hall also engaged lodgings. She represented that she was a music

TEACHER OF HIGH ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

When, however, the landlady proposed that she should compensate her for some portion of her fare by teaching the children music, it was found that she did not know one note from another, or scarcely anything else than one learns out of a book. Shortly after being installed in these quarters she gave her attention to extending her circle of acquaintances, and soon had a prominent merchant of the city as an ardent admirer, much to the disgust of her benefactor, Hall, but who wisely concluded to hall out of his association with the fickle female. The second California suitor became so infatuated with the woman that he introduced her to

his own residence, and the result was the commencement of a suit for divorce by his wife. Amelia encouraged this domestic conflict, in the hope of succeeding to the estate of the injured wife, but when she found that she could not accomplish the feat she had the effrontery to go to the wife and offer herself as a witness of her husband's infidelity. The gentleman finally granted a divorce and settlement without giving the case publicity, and Amelia's services as a shameless witness were not required. The misguided man, however, again yielded to the allurements of the siren, and gave her encouragement of her hopes, she pretending that he was the first person

WHO HAD EVER POSSESSED HER AFFECTIONS.

At one time she was taken sick, and her admirer sent a venerable physician to make a diagnosis of her case. The professional gentleman was entirely too attentive to the fair patient, making his visits frequently and continuing them as regularly long after there remained no need of services. The merchant became suspicious and intensely jealous; but being unable to obtain direct evidence of the faithlessness of his charmer, he procured the landlady to assist in relieving his suspense, by acting the part of a detective. The engagement was entirely successful, and the result was a disclosure that not only the venerable physicians, but other solicitous friends, were frequent visitors of Amelia, and at all sorts of unreasonable hours. The blow fell with crushing weight upon the unhallowed affections of the merchant, and to change his equanimity he found it necessary to obtain a change of air by a short trip to the east. When he returned the complaint in an action, No. 5,635, in the Fifteenth District Court,

DEMANDED HIS IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.

It was filed on the 22nd of January, 1870, and ever the seal and signature of Amelia Miles, it charged him with having, in June, 1869, with force and arms, assaulted and ill-treated the plaintiff, still a *femme sole*. In consequence of this assault, it was alleged, plaintiff was prostrated with illness, suffering great pain and anguish for the period of three months, and her future prospects in life had been ruined in consequence of such act. Damage was claimed in the amount of \$10,000, with costs of action. A M. Heslep acted as attorney for plaintiff. On the 24th of February, thirty days after the filing of this complaint, the plaintiff signed an order directing and authorizing her attorney to dismiss and discontinue the action, as it had been compromised and amicably adjusted. The pecuniary consideration of the discontinuance is expressed in a document commonly known as a "release from all demands," signed by the plaintiff on the same date, a copy of which is herewith given. The name of the defendant is omitted, in common with the names of a score or more of other prominent citizens who have been connected with trouble growing out of the wiles of this insidious charmer, and which appears on

THE PAPERS FILED IN THIS CASE.

The following is a copy of the release:

"Know all men that I, Amelia Miles, of the city and county of San Francisco, state of California, do hereby remise, release and forever quit claim unto —, of the same place, his heirs, executors and administrators all, and all manner of actions, causes of actions, debts, dues, claims and demands, both in law and equity, which against said — I, Amelia Miles, ever had, or ought to have, for or by reason or means of any matter or thing from the beginning of the world to the day of these presents, all in consideration of two hundred dollars, gold coin, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged.

AMELIA MILES.

"Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of Duncan F. McDonald, Aug. M. Heslep."

In the course of this brief judicial proceeding Amelia's attorney seemed to have fallen a victim to the irresistible fascinations of his client; but his old-experienced and reliable affections appear not to have been requited, or at least with any permanent degree of good faith, for the attorney subsequently deplored with upbraiding the pernicious day that he had

BARTERED HIS HEART SO UNWISELY.

Amelia then took up her residence on Stockton street, where she decoyed a swarm of admirers, to the discomfiture of each, in a greater or less degree, and invariably her own substantial gain at an extravagant ratio. From a prominent music dealer she obtained a high-priced piano; from a jeweler, a rich recognition of her matchless beauty and unequalled grace; and many others paid her generous tribute, either voluntary or otherwise. Soon following the concatenation of corroding reverses in love that attended the fate of Amelia Miles, on May 2, 1870, she found one who was faithful among the faithless, and on that date Judge Morrison united her in marriage with Henry Fritz, more familiarly known at the time as "Maguire's Fat Boy." This gentleman rose from an humble estate to be a person of elegant leisure, under the tutelage of Theatrical Manager Thomas Maguire, his obesity admirably adapting him for a sedentary occupation. The bride appears to have been much struck, soon after the marriage, with the phlegmatic temperament of

her husband. In the application for the license Amelia gave her age as nineteen years. Fritz was thirty-one years of age. This couple resided in different localities about the city up to the time of their separation. The marriage relation, however, did not in the least defer Mrs. Fritz from

HER PERSISTENT TENDENCY TO FLIRTATION.

In 1871 Amelia created something of a sensation at Sacramento by winning a prominent dentist of that city from his allegiance, and in the fall of that year she devoted her arts to the legislative dignitaries at the capital. Her most notable conquest was that of a well-known senator from an interior county. In the course of this liaison a correspondence ensued, and Mrs. Fritz got possession of six letters from the unwary senator, all glowing with expressions of ardent love. This was sufficient for Mrs. Fritz, and she wrote a final letter to the senator, intimating that those six letters were worth just \$1,000 each, and unless he forthwith met the demand the tell-tale missives would be placed in the hands of his wife. The senator was stricken to consternation, having a family whose position had never before been tainted with disgrace. Hurred negotiations ensued through the medium of the victim's brother, and a compromise was finally reached on the basis of \$1,000, which amount was

PAID TO THE UNSCRUPULOUS WOMAN.

After this the senator was compelled to further compensate his folly by paying the hotel bill and other expenses of his betrayer. About this time Mrs. Fritz was prosecuting her blackmailing industry in all directions, and the names of many victims, with the details of her operations, are known. She kept a boy for the purpose of delivering her letters about the city, and also regularly employed an amanuensis. In January, 1876, Mrs. Fritz brought suit against Wells, Fargo & Co., to recover \$900, the value claimed for a trunk filled with clothing, supposed to have been lost. But no proof appeared that the plaintiff ever possessed such a trunk, or that defendants had ever had it in their possession. On the 22nd of December, 1876, Mrs. Fritz commenced a suit in the Nineteenth district court for divorce from her husband, Henry Fritz. The ground of action set forth in the complaint was desertion for more than three years, then last past, and a failure to provide the common necessities of life. It may be surmised that Mr. Fritz considered any efforts to provide necessities for his wife of any kind quite superfluous. In the examination the plaintiff testified, under oath, that she had always behaved properly toward her husband, and

NO CAUSE EXISTED FOR HIS ABANDONMENT.

The suit was not defended, the "fat boy" evidently being content to be out loose on any terms and a decree of divorce was issued to Mrs. Fritz December 26, 1876. Immediately after this release Amelia started east, occupying an apartment in a palace car with one Livingston. She took a trip to Europe, and is next heard of with a Parisian banker named M. Sellier in her toils. To what extent her artifice succeeded on this victim does not appear, but it is believed the lady's system of blackmailing was not entirely practicable under French police regulations. She returned in August, 1877, and took up her residence at 609 Bush street, where she made the acquaintance of William Henry Maginnis Smallman. After the two had lived together about six months they were married on February 19, 1878, the ceremony being performed by Rev. W. H. Platt, of Grace Church. In this application for license the lady gave her name as Amelia Hodgden Fritz, and her age as twenty-four years. In what manner she obtained her middle name, and how she figured that she had only increased her age by five years since 1870, when she gave it as nineteen years, when taking out a license for marriage with Fritz, there are

NO PAPERS TO SHOW.

Smallman was born at Dundalk, county of Louth, Ireland, and has been employed as clerk on the steamer Donahue. Soon after the latter alliance, the pair took up their quarters at the Grand hotel, and Mrs. Smallman added to the practice of her amatory avocations the occupation of a stock sharp. She professed to be in the confidence of a leading superintendent on the Comstock, who kept her constantly posted on the prospects, and by this means deluded many persons out of coin on her generous propositions to invest for them on "dead certainties." Among her more unfortunate dupes is Mary Tack, housekeeper at the Grand hotel, who has been swindled out of \$1,000 of her earnings. On the 18th of August last Mrs. Smallman was arrested for embezzling \$1,000 from an English gentleman sojourning at the house through her mining-stock trick. The charge of grand larceny would not stand under the circumstances, and the victim was quite content to compromise by receiving back one-half of his money, and as a condition of this concession he signed an abject apology for having had Mrs. Smallman arrested, which was published. About the same time she stole a lot of perfumery from the drug store of Leleuvre, and escaped arrest for this venture by

PAYING FOR THE PLUNDER.

Mrs. Smallman and her husband have lately so-

journed at the Palace Hotel, and have not been particularly conspicuous outside of that caravansary until the institution of the present suit against John W. Mackay of the Bonanza firm. The first intimation that defendant had of the action was conveyed in the following significant letter:

"PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, November 29, 1878.—Mr. John W. Mackay—Sir: When Mrs. Smallman called upon you at Virginia City on last Thursday, and you so peremptorily refused to see her, you little imagine the cause of her visit. I will explain it to you. For some time past I have been in receipt of letters relating to Mrs. Smallman's actions with you, and thinking that they were merely written by some jealous individual, with the intention of breaking up my happiness, I paid little attention thereto. However, my eyes have lately been opened to the fact that Mrs. Smallman's relations with you have been anything but that of a faithful wife. Having accused her of such conduct she denied my accusation, and forced me to accompany her to Virginia City, in hopes, I presume, that a denial of the facts from your lips would pacify me. These, and these only, were, as far as I am aware, the only reasons for

"OUR LATE VISIT TO YOUR CITY."

It would seem, however, that your reception upset Mrs. Smallman's calculations, for immediately upon her arrival here she attempted to destroy her life, and would have in all probability succeeded but for the timely arrival of medical aid. On the following morning I received per mail a letter from Mrs. Smallman informing me of her rash act, and also confessing her guilt with you. Immediately upon receipt of that letter Mrs. Smallman and I ceased to live together, and I was preparing to leave this hotel, when Dr. Sawyer, Mrs. Smallman's physician, prevailed upon me to remain a few days to see the result of Mrs. Smallman's rash act. I am now awaiting the doctor's decision, but be it good or bad, there is but one course left for me to pursue, namely, sue for a divorce on the ground of adultery.

"Apart altogether from Mrs. Smallman's confession, I am in a position to prove to the satisfaction of any court that your relations with her were anything but those of an honorable man. The mischief is now past mending, but to avoid the certain scandal and disgrace which is sure to follow the opening of this case, I make the following proposition to you

"FOR CONSIDERATION."

I want nothing from you. I am capable and able to provide for my wants, but the unfortunate woman you have abused is demented and helpless, without money and in debt. In her present condition, as an honorable man, I cannot turn her into the street. Having through your advice lost our money, I am not in a position to have her taken care of. You are. If you will therefore provide the means by which your victim can settle with her creditors and leave here, I will try to get a divorce quietly and thus end this dreadful matter.

"Should I receive no answer to this letter within the next five days, I will know that you do not intend to do anything about it. And I will then have to begin an action in the courts, fully assured that justice will be given to him whom you have

"RUINED UNDER THE CLOAK OF FRIENDSHIP."

"Respectfully, WM. H. M. SMALLMAN."

Mr. Mackay did not improve the opportunity to compromise, so benevolently tendered by the injured husband, in his carefully constructed and courteous epistle, as may be inferred from the second communication in the case, which followed promptly on time. It came from Smallman's attorneys.

"SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 10.

"JOHN W. MACKAY, Esq., Virginia City, Nev.—Dear Sir: Mr. Smallman has left a matter in our hands against you for the purpose of instituting legal proceedings to obtain redress for the wrongs inflicted on himself and family by you. If you have any desire to settle the matter without resorting to the courts you will please call at our office at once. Respectfully,

"MOJUNKIN & LAWTON."

From the foregoing it may be inferred that another scandal case of prodigious dimensions is on the tapis, and the issue will be awaited with much interest.

A Frontier Bully's Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BISMARCK, Dakota, January 2.—James Brooks, a freighter and bully, rode sixty miles on New Year's, in advance of his wagon train, coming from Fort Keogh, to reach Bismarck to see the old year out with a high time. He attended a dance at Reno Hall, where a number of fast women and soldiers were waiting out 1878. Brooks' record was that no man ever got the drop on him. About 11 o'clock he slipped a woman's face, who told him to keep quiet. A regular knock-down followed. After several black eyes were scored Brooks received a ball from a navy revolver, passing in at his mouth and out at the back of his head. He died before morning. Corporal John Rowland, of Company G, 7th Cavalry, was the last man to clinch with Brooks, and he is under arrest. Nobody seemed to have seen the shot fired.

A Pious Parrot's Lucky Prayer.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The following story is vouched for by Captain Etchberger, an old and well-known citizen of Baltimore, Md.: About thirty years ago, when in Honduras, in command of the bark Eldorado, his wife, then accompanying him, was presented with a parrot, a sprightly bird and a fluent discusser in the Spanish language.

The bird was brought to Baltimore, where, after being domiciled in the household of the captain's family, it soon acquired a knowledge of the English tongue. The next door neighbor of the captain was a garrulous woman—an incessant scold—forever quarreling with some one or something.

Polly, being allowed full liberty, was pleased to take an airing on the yard fence, and in a short time had learned to mimic the scolding neighbor to perfection, and finally became aggressive. Polly not infrequently roused her impertinence by being knocked off the fence with a broom-stick.

This brought forth a torrent of abuse from her injured feelings upon the head of her assailant. Finally the bird's language became so abusive that the captain was obliged to send it away, and Polly was transferred to a good Christian family in the country, where, in course of time, she reformed, and became to some extent a bird of edifying piety.

Some time ago, while she was sunning herself in the garden, a large hawk swooped down and bore the distressed parrot off as a prize. Her recent religious training came to her assistance, as at the top of her voice she shrieked, "Oh! Lord, save me! Oh! Lord, save me!"

The hawk became so terrified at the unexpected cry that he dropped his intended dinner and



HOW SHE GOT EVEN WITH THE LOVERS—BASE PLOT OF A JEALOUS FAIR ONE, AGAINST THE PEACEFUL COURTSHIP OF AN OFFENDING COUPLE, POTTSVILLE, PA.—SEE PAGE 5.

or \$15. They also secured a few promissory notes and other valuable papers.

Lawrence Hall, an Exquisite Robber.

[With Portrait.]

The London and San Francisco Bank, in the latter city, is the latest victim to the mania for dishonesty of which so many glaring instances have of late occurred, and the operator who has succeeded in getting away with a round sum is one Lawrence Otis Hall, who for some years past has occupied the responsible position of clearing-house clerk to the bank. Hall, who is about twenty-eight years of age and a native of Louisiana, was one of the curled darlings in a certain set in that city and conspicuous in his visits to the theatres and places of public entertainment and in the open-handed generosity with which he paid these little attentions dear to the ladies' hearts, in the shape of bouquets, gloves and other knickknacks. It is rumored that he had other and less creditable connections, and that the faro table was not without its attractions for him, while it is certain that he took a hand in stocks and, as usual, lost at all games. These various lines of expenditure were beyond the reach of his salary as a clerk, and he had to eke out the latter by a system of speculation of which the details have not been revealed, but which seems to have been in operation for some time past. As far as can be gathered the circumstances of the case are that Hall was observed on Tuesday morning, 17th ult., to be hanging about the currency clerk's desk of the London & San Francisco Bank, to which as an employee of the bank he had partial access, and that later in the day a package of \$13,000 was found to be missing. Search was made for the money without success, and the simultaneous disappearance of Hall pointed to him as the thief, while there were minor circumstances which corroborated the suspicion.



ANTHONY DOEMER'S MURDEROUS NEW YEAR'S SALUTATION FROM UNKNOWN ASSASSINS, DETROIT, MICH.



A PIOUS PARROT'S SEASONABLE PRAYER SAVES IT FROM THE TALONS OF A HAWK.

soared away in the distance. Polly still survives her attempted abduction.

An Old Couple Gagged and Robbed.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LANCASTER, Pa., January 2.—Near the village of Litz, in this county, Joseph Brubaker, a farmer about sixty years old, with his wife about the same age, were in the kitchen of their residence last evening, the door was opened and three strange men entered, who, after conversing a few moments, seized the old couple and bound and gagged them. The men then drew revolvers, and the third man with a razor, threatened to kill Brubaker and his wife if they did not give up immediately what money they had in the house. Being told there was not any, two of the robbers searched the building while the third stood guard. They ransacked every bureau drawer and chest, and scattered the articles over the floor, but failed to find any money. More threats were then made, and they were given about \$12



JOSEPH BRUBAKER, AN AGED FARMER, AND HIS WIFE, GAGGED AND ROBBED BY TRAMPS, NEAR LITIZ, PA.

graphed to the American and English authorities at Yokohama, and the American Consul there has power to arrest and detain him on an order from the President of the United States, which has been forwarded thither.

A Bloody New Year's Greeting.

[Subject of Illustration.]

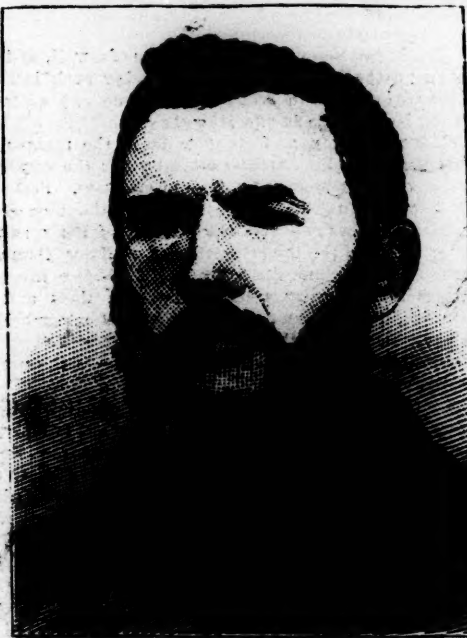
At a late hour on New Year's night Anthony Doemer was walking up Gratiot avenue, Detroit, Mich., on his way home, when a cutter containing three men came tearing along at a rapid rate. When opposite Doemer one of the occupants drew a revolver and fired. The ball entered Doemer's left thigh, and taking an upward course, is believed to have penetrated the lungs. The wounded man sank to the pavement, while the cutter dashed on, one of the party crying out, "How's that for Happy New Year's?" A policeman, hearing the shot, came to Doemer's assistance. A surgeon probed for the ball unsuccessfully, internal hemorrhage set in and the man will probably die.



DEPUTY SHERIFF GEORGE SHALOT, WHO WORKED UP THE ODETHAL MURDER, DUBUQUE, IOWA.—SEE PAGE 2.

Outbreak of Mollie Maguires.

READING, Pa., January 4.—The execution of Jack Kehoe, a few weeks ago, at Pottsville, has aroused the savage and vindictive disposition of the members of that terrible organization of which he was a recognized leader for many years—the Mollie Maguire brotherhood. Just after the hanging of Kehoe, a number of the worst spirits connected with the Mollie Maguire Society held a secret meeting in the woods in Sharp Mountain, at a point near Mahanoy Plain, and resolved to inaugurate a reign of terror

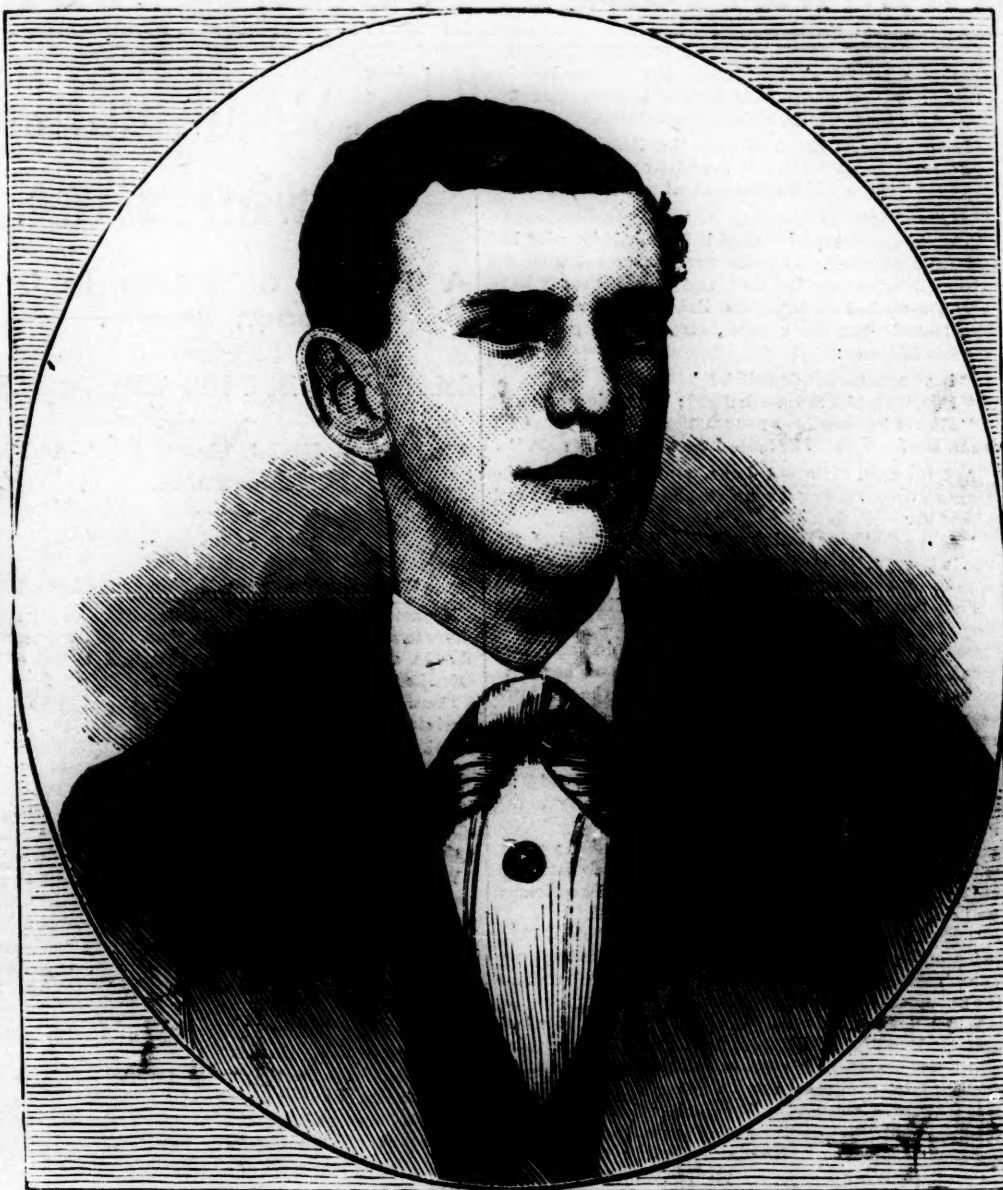


CORNELIUS MELOCHER, SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR THE MURDER OF JACOB ODETHAL, DUBUQUE, IOWA.—SEE PAGE 2.

throughout the middle and northern coal fields of this state. In the northern fields, where there is but little law or order at any time, numerous flagrant outrages have been perpetrated, and the already long list of diabolical murders committed by members of the band has had another cruel assassination added to it. On Monday last, while a party of hunters were crossing the mountains near Pittston, in the Wyoming coal region, the corpse of Michael Miller, who had been missed from his home, at West Pittston, for about a week was found hanging to the limb of a tree.



WILLIAM BUCHHOLZ, SUSPECTED OF COMPLICITY IN THE MURDER OF J. H. SCHULTE, NORWALK, CONN.—SEE PAGE 2.

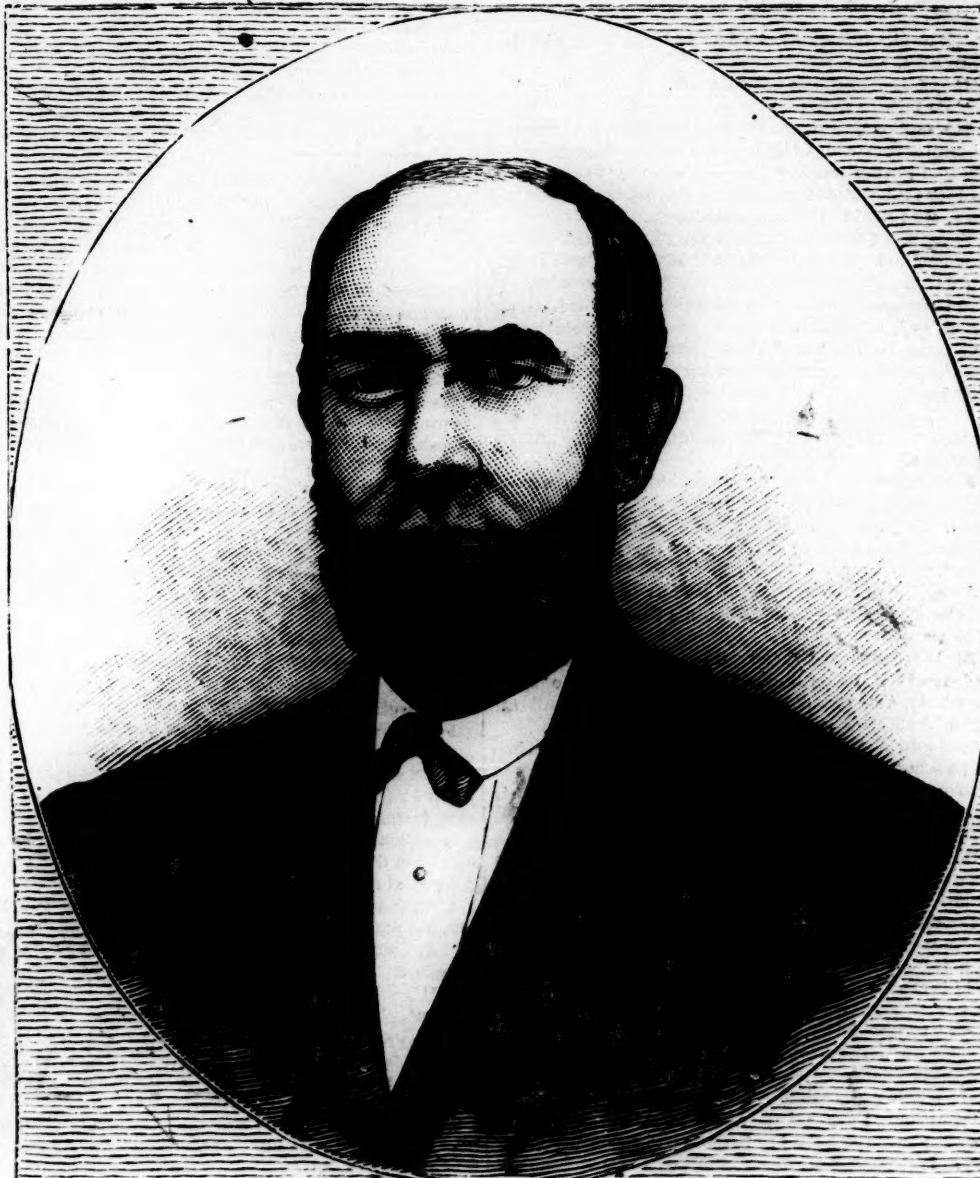


JOHN W. IRVING, THE HEROIC FIREMAN OF ENGINE COMPANY 20, NEW YORK CITY, KILLED AT A FIRE, JANUARY 7.—SEE PAGE 2.

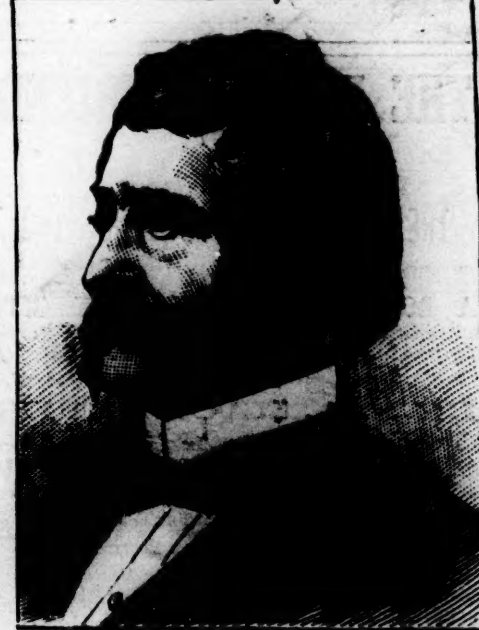
Chalked upon the back of his coat was the hideous and well-known insignia of the murderous Mollie Maguires—a rudely-formed skull and cross-bones. He had been shot twice through the head. It is supposed that Miller, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the Mollies in some way, was murdered first, and his lifeless body afterward placed upon the limb from which it dangled when found. From a slip of paper that was picked up near the spot where Miller's remains were, it is believed that wholesale criminality will be attempted in the lawless sections of the Wyoming and Lackawanna regions some time early this winter. This belief is strengthened by the fact of the distribution of those mute

but suggestive missives, "coffin-notices." There is always a feeling of insecurity pervading certain parts of the northern coal fields, which has been engendered by the frequent periodical riotous uprisings, and the dissemination of the "Ku-Klux" notices has caused a grave and undefined feeling of apprehension to spread throughout the district where a reign of terrorism may be started at any moment by the outlaw chieftains.

Coal-breakers and other colliery property is being shadowed by suspicious characters, while hardly a night passes but what switches along the railroads leading to the mines are spiked, and already a vast amount of coal has been



BENJAMIN HUNTER, EXECUTED AT CAMDEN, N. J., JANUARY 10, FOR THE MURDER OF J. M. ARMSTRONG.—SEE PAGE 6.



JOHN W. HULL, BOMB ROYER—\$5,000 REWARD OFFERED FOR HIS ARREST—NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 10.

tumbled down the mountains by these evil acts. It is roughly estimated that at least \$100,000 worth of fuel has been lost in this way during the past week. Several costly buildings have been fired. In anticipation of a general onslaught being made upon their property, the coal operators and railroad officials have employed extra guards to watch the threatened works. The Philadelphia and Reading Coal Company has also reinforced its corps of police, and the Coal and Iron Police has been considerably strengthened by the addition of a large



LAWRENCE OTIS HALL, DEFAULTING BANK CLERK OF THE LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK.—SEE PAGE 12.

number of well equipped and fully armed officers.

The case of John and Frank McKenna, who are indicted for murder in the first degree in having killed William B. Willie on the 12th of last November, was called in the Court of General Sessions on the 10th inst., but none of the witnesses for the prosecution were present. Counselor Howe said that he was in readiness to proceed, but Judge Cowing set the case down for the following Monday.



DR. C. O. O'DONNELL, THE BADLY BEATEN PLAINTIFF IN THE LIBEL SUIT AGAINST THE SAN FRANCISCO "CHR. NICLE."—SEE PAGE 2.

THE PHANTOM FRIEND;

OR,
THE MYSTERY OF THE DEVIL'S POOL.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. A. MACKEEVER,

Author of "PRINCE MARCO, OR THE CHILD SLAVE OF THE
ARENA," "THE NEW YORK TOMBS—ITS SECRETS
AND ITS MYSTERIES," "THE S-A-N L-E-T-T-E-R-S," AND "POPULAR PICTURES
OF NEW YORK LIFE."

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

No wonder Mr. Calvin made conquests of both young ladies. He played divinely, sang in a mellow, baritone voice, was always willing to take a hand at cribbage or backgammon with the old gentlemen and was altogether so charming and agreeable that his almost nightly visits, far from exciting any surprise or comment, seemed to be looked forward to as quite the proper thing.

There was always a plate laid for the suave and dashing Calvin, always a seat in the box at the Academy when the opera was on. Their acquaintance had begun in the latter part of the year previous to the opening of our story, and had become so ardent that the bud of love had blossomed in the hearts of the twins, baleful, unhappy love, for it was love for the same man.

It was early that morning on which the two young girls were having their tearful interview that Flora, while passing through the mutual ante-chamber, picked up a little note lying at the door of Laura's room, where it had fallen.

She could never tell what prompted her to read it, but before she could reason on the matter it was read. Here it is:

"MY OWN LAURA:
"Have no fears that I love any one else. I love none but you; can never lose my heart again, as I swear I have never lost it before. A thousand kisses till I see you this evening, and do not be such a silly little girl again."
"ARTHUR"

She stood like a statue for a moment, her eyes dilated, the bosom heaving convulsively, the tiny nose trembling in her grasp.

Then she went to her own room, and from a drawer in a little Japanese writing-desk took out a note, on the same monogrammed paper, in the same hand. It read:

"DEAREST FLO:
"What is done cannot be helped, but you can trust in my honor. I am not in a position to marry just now, but will certainly be so by the end of the year. Let us thank God for our narrow escape, and while continuing to love and trust each other, wait until that happy time when I can claim you for my own.
Ever yours,
"ARTHUR."

She tore this billet into a hundred pieces with an agonized cry of rage, and then fell into the chair with her head upon the desk, the note to Laura upon the floor.

It was in this position that the other sister found her, saw the note that she had been hunting for, and realized in a flash the terrible situation of affairs—realized that the man who loved her was beloved by her sister also.

She knew no more; knew not that Mr. Calvin had ever encouraged the girl with the bowed head, amid whose golden tresses a soft and perfumed breeze from the conservatory was gently straying, through the shining threads and meshing them in fantastic figures of tangled beauty.

The explanation, the confession followed.
"How can I warn her," murmured Flora to herself, still looking at the portrait, and then she thought, "But perhaps he really loves her, as she does him, as I—God help me—do. If they are married they may be very, very happy."

She put the picture down, restrained all further emotion and finally said in a clear, firm voice, as she kissed her sister:

"Well, Laura, dear—it won't interfere with our love, will it?" She folded the girl tenderly to her bosom and then added:

"Run on down now and see if papa wants anything. I don't care for breakfast just yet."

When Laura had gone the broken-hearted girl was silent for a moment.

She stood looking at her pale features, her swollen eyes as the diamond spot in the centre of the lace-covered mirror gave them back.

"There is nothing ahead of me but darkness and despair and death," she finally said. "Well, let it be so—I have disobeyed Heaven and my conscience. I have sown the whirlwind—it is right that I should reap it."

Young and tenderly nurtured girl as she was, she was uttering the hard philosophy of the suicide. The necessity to kill oneself will make a spartan of a voluptuous Cleopatra.

She touched a bell cord and her dressing maid answered.

"Tell Dick to have Bon-bon saddled and I will come to the stable for him in fifteen minutes."

"But, Miss Flora, it is not ten o'clock yet and you have not breakfasted."

"Never mind—do as I tell you."

The girl withdrew and Flora seated herself at the Japanese desk. On a delicate piece of paper she wrote:

"Good-bye all," but did not seal the sheet. It was late that day when it was found.

Then she slipped into the elegant riding habit, took one look, from custom, at herself, sighed, threw a kiss to the pretty room, passed out down a back staircase, passed the dining-room door and made her way by a side exit to the street, where Bon-bon stood with Dick, the groom, at his head.

In a few minutes Bon-bon was cantering down the street.

"Well, Laura," said Mr. Ben-dick, pushing his cup from him and laying down his *Journal of Commerce*, which had that morning a very thrilling article on the rise of Indigo, "I cannot wait for that lazy sister. I will kiss you twice and you can give her one."

CHAPTER IV. AT THE COSTUME'S.

An hour later a young lady, who was none other than Flora, drew the reins back across the neck of Bon-bon in

front of a costumer's on Sixth street. She had frequently ordered masquerade dresses there, having first espied the place while out for her usual ride.

In fact, she had been looking at that time for just such an establishment. She and her sister and Arthur had been invited to a fancy dress ball, at which she intended to appear as *Rosindes*.

The shop was kept by an old French lady who had known her mother. This she was not aware of when she visited the place the first time, and it might never have been known had not little Mrs. Babbette suddenly said, as she leaned over the counter, strewn with goods and spangled dresses:

"Is your name not Benedick?"

"It is," replied the startled girl; "why do you ask?"

"Simply because I see your mother's face in yours. I knew her in Paris. She helped me when I was poor."

And the neat, little old dame, still leaning over the counter, drew the sweet countenance of Flora to her and kissed her.

"I hope that your mother will feel the imprint of my lips in heaven," she said, with the epigrammatic force of the people to whom she belonged.

From that time on Wether Babbette and Flora were the best of friends.

Once, when the rent of the little store was due, and there was no money to meet it—when the shadows began to close about the place and the very masks in the windows seemed to possess a sad expression, Flora came to the rescue.

She did it in the neatest manner, knowing that the woman was proud. And this was the way she did it:

Riding up to the door, she was admitted lightly to the ground, and, entering the place, remarked:

"Mrs. Babbette, we are going to have a birthday party—Sister Laura and myself—and we wish you to get us up at least twenty suits. The young ladies and gentlemen will come here. I have given them your card."

"Thank you—thank you, my dear child," she sobbed in her emotion. She suspected the truth. The birthday party had been made a masquerade simply to bring about the payment of the rent.

When Bon-bon reached Mrs. Babbette's on this last occasion Flora alighted with that graceful movement which few horsewomen possess, left the animal standing without hitch and passed into the store. The old lady was there, her eyes bright, her manner that of one who was pleased with the surrounding circumstances of life. She had reason to be, because an order had just come in for a number of dresses for a midsummer night's festival at Terrace Garden.

But so soon as she saw the young woman's face the smile vanished and there came a startled look into her eyes.

"Mon Dieu! what is the matter?"

"Nothing—why do you ask?" Flora responded with an assumption of ill concealed surprise.

"You are ill—you have trouble."

"I am not so happy as I might be," she replied, "but it is nothing. You know there is no rose without thorns. My life has been too happy."

"But tell me—confide in your friend, the friend of your mother, who would willingly give her life, if necessary, to aid you."

"I cannot confide in you," the young lady responded, "but you can do me a favor."

"It is done—name it."

"Not so fast. Perhaps it is impossible."

"It shall not be. It must not be."

"I want a suit of male clothing, such as would fit me, and I want a soft hat, a pair of gloves too large for me, and a cane. I don't wish to hire them, but to buy them."

"Let me see—let me see," Mrs. Babbette mused. "Now there is the young man in the hall bedroom, third story. He has the cane, the hat and the gloves, but I am afraid the suit of clothing will be impossible."

"Why?"

"Because I do think he has but one suit; he is a journalist, you know."

"And do journalists have but one suit of clothes?"

"He told me so once."

She replied quite gravely, as if the statement was an absolute truth which she believed as thoroughly as she did that France was the greatest country in the world, and that the Duke of Wellington was an ogreish sort of a man, who used to eat babies for lunch.

There are moments when we laugh, although all the surroundings are those of gloom. M. Ribeau was guillotined in the Place de La Roquette, Paris, and while he stood plighted, waiting to be shoved forward on the swinging board that would turn upon its pivotal centre and bring his head under the triangular shaped ax, he heard one of the spectators read a note from *Le Petit Journal pour Paris*.

He laughed outright—then grew ashy pale. In a moment his head was in the sawdust, with the ghastly grimace of humor upon the lips.

Flora was in no laughing mood, but the idea was so excessively ludicrous that she smiled. This pleased Mme. Babbette wonderfully, who trotted away and climbed the stairs to the room of the young man in question.

Journalist or no journalist, he did have a suit of clothes that he was willing to sell, and not illogically willing, either.

His board was excessively due, and for some time he had resolved to do a feat that even the astrollogical chemists could not accomplish. It was to turn all his personal effects that could be spared into hard cash.

In the days of transmuting philosophers the pawn-shop had not been invented by those enterprising gentlemen who came from Lombardy and gave the name of their country to that street where the three golden balls first listened.

It was they who discovered the philosopher's stone whereby a coat could be made ten dollars, and a hat turned into more crowns than one.

The third story young man looked at the case practically—with little philosophy, in fact, and immediately told Mrs. Babbette that his clothing, his hat, his gloves and his cane were at her disposal for so much.

That "so much" came immediately from the tiny, bearded purse of Flora, who asked that the goods which she, by materialistic examination in a little ante-room, had found fitted her nicely, should be wrapped up in as neat a parcel as possible.

"Now may I ask, my dear, what wild idea this is you have in your pretty head? Is there another masquerade ball? Is there some romping freak on foot?"

"I cannot tell you now. Perhaps you will hear."

Saying this Flora kissed Mrs. Babbette good-by, and, lightly swinging the parcel in her hand, walked out into the street. At the same moment the young man on the third floor, prompted by curiosity to see the lady who had made so novel a purchase, and to get a substantial breakfast—which was also in the novel line—came down the stairs and was on the pavement at the same moment that Flora came from the costumer's.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

THE WHITE SLAVES.

A Drama of Death in Dry-goods Stores.

SMALL PAY BUT BIG TEMPTATIONS.

The Shop Girls' Hard Life—A Plea For Them.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]

Madame You go to one of the mammoth retail dry goods stores to make your purchases. You stand for a moment outside, after stepping from your carriage, to look at the splendid array of goods behind the plate glass.

There are elegantly attired dummy ladies, who seem receiving friends at a ball; there are circulars, capes, sealskin sacques, and cashmere shawls rich enough in texture and appearance to drive a penniless girl to lunacy, and to satisfy a Duchess of the Bois in Paris.

There are special artists employed by the firms to decorate these windows, men who know how to combine colors and construct captivating effects.

You enter. The floor-walker receives you politely and conducts you to whatever department contains the article you seek—is it a lace handkerchief for a present to a lady friend, you go this way or that. Shawls are here, dress goods are there, shoes, kid gloves, bonnets, books, candies, and even a lunch counter, are to be found under the roof.

For you know Madame, better than I, what a luxury shopping now is.

Once you had to hunt a restaurant while the orders were being done up. Now you can enjoy an oyster, an ice, or a pate, without walking ten paces. Large restaurants furnish these lunch counters, the result of the convenience being increased profits for the proprietors of the stores.

For, while you are hungry, that tantalizing shade of ribbon decoration in the bonnet does not suit you, and you do not buy it.

Having lunched, it is different. The sky has a roseate tinge, and the bonnet is just too lovely for anything. Therefore you purchase it, and order the bill home to your husband, who, at the moment, is standing before his dressing case, toying with a razor and wondering whether life is a game that is worth the candle when the candle does not light up a royal flush hand.

Indeed, it is not saying too much to state that if you should arrive by balloon via the trap door in the roof of the store in that nude device of toilette, invented by Lady Godiva, on a certain occasion, you would find no difficulty in leaving the place in twenty minutes faultlessly and completely dressed from head to foot, a novel in your hand, and a box of bon bons in your pocket.

So you see how comfortable and cozy the place is. Even the smiling girl who comes to take your order—she who is dressed so neatly—has an air of refined style and contentment which always reminds me of the shop ladies in Paris, who insist upon tying your cravat for you, and purring and patting you into two prices for it, which, once paid, they languidly fall into a chair and begin again the perusal of a story in the *Journal de Dinard*.

But, as a matter of fact, the young lady before you is not happy. She is acting a part. She smiles because she will be fined if she does not. She is dressed neatly because she will be discharged if she does not. How she manages to dress so God only knows, for her salary is but five dollars a week, the average of her weekly fines is fifty cents, and she has to contribute to the support of a mother.

But that is neither here nor there. We simply wish to consider facts, and what I want to insist upon is that the large firms in this city, whose towering stores are stocked with the richest fabrics of the earth, and all aglitter with the ingenious bangles of the boulevards, are guilty of the practice of serfdom in the treatment of these girls just as much as the Czar of all the Russias was previous to the ukase that broke the shackles of his helots and gave them a chance to call themselves men.

The shop girls are the white slaves of the metropolis, and, although they are not bought and sold in a market place as are those Caucasian girls who are brought to the Constantinople shambles, they are just as much in bondage.

In fact, taking into consideration the mere comforts of this life the blue-eyed daughter of the steppes—therefore a steppe daughter—is abundantly better off than the New York slave.

For what is the condition, financially, of the latter. The average salary is \$3.50, and board is nowhere less than \$4.

The consequence is she has to keep house in order to take care of her mother. You can starve in a wretched tenement, where it would be embarrassing or impossible in a boarding-house.

I cannot give the bill of fare in vogue at the tenement home of the stylish young lady attendant who hands you the box of gloves and helps you to look for the muscolored pair you desire, because I hardly think her regimen deserves the dignity of such a title.

It consists, undoubtedly, if bought from the money earned in the store, of a single dish.

Stew, at the utmost.

A Sixth avenue slave driver of the class I am mentioning, once said to a girl in his employ:

"You must dress better. I will not have any young lady in my store who is not neat and smart in her attire."

"But, sir, how can I. I only get—"

"That makes no difference, you get all I intend to pay you. It is your business to get more."

And he turned on his heel while the girl fell into a chair and covered her face in her hands.

She was fined twice for this—once for sitting down and once for daring to have red eyes while waiting on customers.

I know this to be a fact, madame, and when you believe me do you not hear the whip of the Southern slave-driver cracking in the soft, aristocratic air of the great emporium; do you not hear the whistling of the Russian knout.

You are a woman and you know that, to begin with, this perpetual standing of these poor girls is frightful, and it in itself constitutes a terrible wrong. A longshoreman couldn't do it.

Look at the hours. From seven in the morning until

six to eight—as the case may be—at night. They have twenty minutes to a half hour for lunch. Many of them live away on the East side, many in Williamsburgh and Brooklyn, and some so far distant as the dismal regions of back Hoboken and among the present snow-clad hills of Staten Island.

In a certain Christian dry goods store not long ago the young ladies were notified that they might have at a reduced rate some bits of ribbon that had been damaged in one way or the other. The love of finery is inherent in the female breast and they hastened to take from their slender purses the few pennies that would secure the coveted touch of glory. The proprietor should have given the material to them, and his not doing so was meanness itself.

But it was the generosity of a Croesus to what he did additionally.

And what do you suppose that was?

He fined them for the time they were absent from their respective counters in order to visit the one where the ribbon was.

There are many other petty things that go to make the lives of these white slaves almost unbearable. It is not so with all of them. I am not speaking of favorites, who have lucrative sinecures, but of the chain-gang. Recent statistics show that there are 60,000 young girls in this city dependent upon their toil for their own support, and in many instances for that of others.

Of this number a great many work in factories, in paper box emporiums, at the loom and the shuttle. They are happier than the well-dressed store girls, and I never pass a certain large establishment in Centre street, or whirl by one in a line with the elevated railroad, that I do not realize this fact.

They have no fine clothing, they are of the hoodlum type, but they laugh and chat and are merry and bright-eyed. What is more they get paid for their work more adequately and have no restrictions to wear the life out of them, or suggestions that bring the blush to their cheeks.

On one occasion I saw them dancing, during the dinner hour, to the music of an organ in the street, and on a summer's day you may hear those of whom I speak carolling like so many birds in the snow-blossomed trees of a country orchard.

Can you wonder, Madame, that I call the pale faced, hollow-eyed ladies behind the counters of fashionable retail dry goods stores the *white slaves* of the metropolis, or that I pity them from the bottom of my heart?

[In conclusion, as the popular lecturer or flash minister says, allow me to tell you a story, and singularly enough it will be a story of absolute truth.]

Truth, you know, lies at the bottom of a well, and it is owing to the deleterious gases haunting such localities that we have seldom been able to rescue and utilize it. This, however, is an exceptional case.

It was once my misfortune to be in the morgue, not necessarily looking around dismally for the corpses of relatives, or hopefully for those of creditors. Perhaps I was there actuated simply by curiosity, the same feeling which induces the honest workmen of Paris, as they pass beneath the towering turrets of Notre Dame, to wander a little from their path, and file before the glass panes that serve as a barrier between them and the strange, dead human fish taken from that many-bridged river which bisects Paris and forms the *Isle de Cite*.

I allude to the daily catch of the Seine—the net results, as it were.

On the day of which I speak when I strolled into the Twenty-sixth street morgue, there were but two corpses on the marble slab. You have never been there—I do not mean upon the marble slab—but you possibly know that the bodies are exposed for a certain time to the carbolic drip of the disinfecting water, and that the clothing of the dead is hung above them as a means of identification.

Showing that the clothes of the dead have something to do with the close of life.

But we have almost forgotten the two corpses. One was of an old man, with a blood-streaked grey beard, and one was that of a lovely girl, so recently removed from the generous tide that gave her up soon, that you could still see the regular features, the pale, oval face and the tangled hair matted over her white brow and streaming across the sunken eyes below.

It is not always so, madame. I have seen—but why horrify you with the description?

Knowing the keeper of the Morgue, and the gentleman who represents the Putter's Field—for it is an absolute fact that the dead are photographed and need no head rest to keep them still—I made bold to ask about the circumstances attending the decease of one so young, and one who had evidently been exceedingly comely.

I was told, and what I was told is substantially as follows:

"This young girl, as I have learned from her friends, who were here a moment ago, and are now getting a requisition for her body, was employed in a Grand street store. She was diligent and attentive—the first to arrive, the last to leave. Her sales were satisfactory, and on busy shopping afternoons there was always heard the tinkle of her bell calling the cash girl.

"Most unfortunately for this young lady, who had been reduced to the position of a white slave by necessity, the senior proprietor had a son—a wild, young man about town—who fell in love with her as such young men will. She had a sister, who had been injured by a railroad accident, and when it became necessary to save that sister from going to the hospital, the young woman went to the firm and asked either a slight increase in her wages or an advance. There was nothing unreasonable in this. Any young male dry goods clerk can do the same with impunity, and the utmost that can happen him is refusal.

"This young woman got neither satisfaction nor refusal, but was told by the gallant of whom I have spoken that he would guarantee the request, and any additional one she might make if she would give up selling ribbons, or lace, as the case might have been, and be one of a gay party on his yacht."

"Strangely enough she refused, and strangely enough again, she was discharged."

"Imagine her condition of mind! Think of the torture she must have endured, when she returned to the cheerless home where the poor girl lay and communicated the intelligence of her refusal and temptation."

"Day followed day and matters grew worse in this home of the two. It became absolutely necessary to send the invalid to where she could have skilled medical assistance."

"And all this time there came flowers, with a note nestling in them, as the stinging bee does in flowers, to grace the sick girl's room. Some were refused—some accepted and when a coin rattled into the apartment, or a bank note fluttered there—such of which meant white grapes, and delicate nourishment, can you be surprised that the girl, with her face in her hands, who did not dare tell—save to lie—whence the aid came—can you imagine that she sometimes accepted the offer?"

"But to the end. The sick girl did not go to the hospital. For all I know she is alive and well."

"The one that did die, the one that jumped from a ferryboat, is the one on the slab there."

This I have written somewhat rhapsodically from what the man at the morgue told me. After he had gotten through he said sentimentally:

"It is rough on these poor girls isn't it?"

"What is?"

"Paying them so little—if they had living wages—"

"You'd have less dead bodies."

"Right you are."

And I agree with the man at the morgue.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and Evil Doers Collected by Gazette Correspondents in all Quarters.

THE marshal of Kingston, Ga., and Johnson, a hotel-keeper, were arrested on the 6th, when on the ground to fight a duel with shot-guns.

TINGLEY, the East Attleboro, Mass., murderer, died on the night of the 5th, without a struggle. His father made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide on the following day.

JAMES W. QUICK, treasurer of Pike county, Pennsylvania, whose term of office expired on the 6th, is missing. Fears are entertained that he has absconded with \$10,000 of the county funds.

AT Fort Madison, Iowa, on the 6th, Henry Weese, the alleged murderer of Henry Greaser and wife, was taken from the penitentiary to Burlington, in that state, where his trial takes place this month.

IN Memphis, Tenn., on the 6th, Henry Townes Allen, the nurse from Texas arrested last October for the alleged rape of Mrs. McDonald, one of the victims of the epidemic, was discharged from custody without trial.

WILLIAM BLUMEN, formerly President of the First National Bank, of Allentown, Pa., which went into liquidation a year ago, was arrested on the 6th, charged with embezzlement. He was released on \$3,000 bail.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was occasioned in Lebanon, Ind., on the 6th, by the arrest of Joseph Bragg, of that city, charged with attempting rape on the fourteen-year-old daughter of Andy Lawless. Bragg is out on \$500 bail.

MRS. JULIA A. THAYER, of Belchertown, Mass., was last week sentenced to three months imprisonment for adultery. This is her second offense; the first time she ran away with a tramp, leaving her husband and eight children.

ON the night of the 6th, the police of Bloomington, Ill., arrested George Norton for forging the name of Mrs. Brown to orders for provisions. Norton confessed. Three years ago he was a respectable young business man of Bloomington.

DR. BLAIR, the Hadley, Mass., abortionist, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He has been suspected several times, but no positive proof could be obtained until the case of a young lady who died recently while under his care, when he was prosecuted with the result stated.

IN Indianapolis, Ind., on the 6th, William Merriek, the wife murderer, was sentenced to be hanged on the 29th inst., the same day that John Achey and Louis Gueg are to be hanged. The friends of Achey are canvassing the city for signatures to a petition for a commutation of his sentence.

AT Terre Haute, Ind., in the 6th, Deputy Marshal Vandever arrested Oliver Parry and Mrs. Catharine Trader for the murder of Miss Eva Peters, of Maxville, in 1875. The woman confesses that her husband, John Trader, now serving in the penitentiary for another murder, and Parry committed the deed in her presence.

THE tramps who burglarized the post-office at Buchanan, Mich., on the night of the 4th, were taken to Niles on the 6th, to appear before United States Commissioner Gilbert. One letter which they opened contained a check on the Second National Bank of Bay City, Mich., and another a \$2 bill. Being interviewed, one said it was them at panic-stricken mail he ever handled.

GEORGE MYERS was arrested at Lebanon, Pa., on the 7th, by Chief Cullen, of Reading, Pa. He was one of the party who robbed Bishop Howe and other residents. When arrested he was wearing some of the Bishop's clothing. At a hearing on the 8th he confessed and said that other robberies had been planned but failed of execution on account of the arrest of one of the gang.

IN Bloomington, Ill., on the night of the 6th, George Clark was arrested by the police, charged with abducting and seducing Eliza Walker, a young woman of Chatsworth, Ill., with whom, it is alleged, he has been living in adultery. Miss Walker is Clark's wife's sister, and the charges against him are made by her brother. Clark has often been under arrest for various charges.

FOR the past six months many letters have been rifled in mails between San Antonio, Tex., and the north. Last September Bennett, Thornton & Lockwood, bankers in San Antonio, lost \$60,000 of New York exchange. The matter was traced up, and the rogue found to be a mail agent at Philadelphia, who has been arrested. Rifled letters were found on the fellow's person, rendering the evidence positive against him.

THE father of conductor Samuel Lyman, of the Chicago and Alton, who was a peddler of notions in Iowa, driving through the state, mysteriously disappeared, and although every effort was made to learn something regarding him, the effort was unavailing. Recently information was received by Conductor Lyman that his father's body had been found in a stream. It is believed that he was murdered for his money.

GEORGE EINSIG, of York, Pa., owing to drink, had been separated from his wife. He called upon her on the night of the 2nd, at the house of her father, Andrew Gehring, and, upon her refusing to live with him he cut her throat, and she died soon afterwards. Einsig was seized by Gehring, who carried the infant child of the former in his arms, but the murderer cut both in the face and head, and fled. He was subsequently arrested.

DR. ISRAEL REED, in jail for body-snatching, escaped on the night of the 5th, at Huntington, Ind., by means of outside parties removing a large iron bar that held his window in. He pleaded guilty recently and turned state's evidence, but was to have been indicted on the 6th for perjury by swearing falsely that Dr. Steiner did the work. The trial of Dr. Myers, of Fort Wayne, for the same offense, is in progress.

IN Edgefield county, near Batesburg, S. C., on Christmas night, Mrs. Julia Norris and Mrs. Mary A. Coleman, mother and daughter, were the victims of one of the most daring outrages ever perpetrated in that vicinity, at the hands of two negroes who broke into the house and robbed, insulted and maltreated the ladies. A negro of notoriously bad character, named Bill Calhoun, was arrested and identified by the ladies. He has implicated other parties.

THE chief special agent of the Post-Office Department at Washington has received a report announcing the conviction and sentence for life of George Wilson and "Doc" Bell for robbing the mail and shooting a stage-driver at Cherry Creek, Nevada. Also, of the arrest at Olympia, Washington Territory, of James Miller and L. Ronderponch, who committed the same offense, as members of the Rhodes gang, on the Wickenburg route in Arizona. The department is making energetic exertions to destroy the business of the "road agents."

THE United States Court convened at Springfield,

Ill., on the 6th. In the civil suit vs. the sureties of Henry T. Woolen, ex-Postmaster at Majority Point, the Government recovered judgment. Sylvester L. Dunsmore pleaded guilty to revenue violation, and was fined. The case against Isaac Pendergrass, charged with embezzlement of a letter while clerk in the Belleville post office, was dismissed. The case of Levi Logan, the "coney" man arrested at Vandalia some months ago, was set for January 10. A desperate effort is being made for his acquittal.

"DUTCH CHARLEY," one of the gang of road agents recently captured near Green river, Wyoming, was being transported from Laramie to Rawlins, on the 5th, for trial and at Carbon a party of masked men entered the train, and taking the prisoner from the officer, marched him out to a telegraph pole and, after making him confess his crimes and acknowledge that he was an accomplice in the murder of Widdowfield and Vincent, who tracked his gang from Medicine Bow to Elk Mountains, they hung him to the telegraph pole. The body remained hanging until the next day.

IN the municipal court, in Boston, Mass., on the 6th, Charles M. Pettigrew was arraigned and held in \$2,000 as the would-be forger of the pay account of Lieut. E. K. Webster (not Wheeler, as previously telegraphed) of the Second United States Infantry. He acknowledged his guilt, and says further that he is a sergeant major in the Ninth United States Infantry, under the name of George W. Haydock, and that he deserted from his regiment at Omaha last November. Parties from Providence identified Pettigrew as the man who has been operating in a similar manner in that city.

CONSTABLE BARROW, of Hico, in Hamilton county, eighteen miles from Meridian, Texas, passed through the latter town on the 6th, having in charge Ike Parker and George Parker, who were arrested at Waco as the parties who robbed Isaac Malone at his residence in Hico on the night of the 23rd ult., securing the sum of \$30 and a gold ring. Barrow reached Hico safely with the prisoners, and they were placed under guard to await examination trial. On the night of the 5th seventy-five men came up quietly on the guards, and, placing under arrest some of the party, marched them off some distance, while others shot the prisoners to death as they lay in bed.

JOHN MULDOWNEY, son of Patrick Muldowney, late marshal of Braidwood, Ill., was subpoenaed on the 6th to appear before the Grand Jury and give his testimony in regard to the shooting of his father, last November, by Father R. H. McGuire, then pastor of the Catholic church in that city, but subsequently removed in consequence of the tragic occurrence. At the time the coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. Whether or not the fact of the Grand Jury taking up the matter indicates any new developments in the case is now a matter of some interest to the public there, and the result of the jury's investigation is awaited with considerable interest. Several other parties, more or less interested in the case, were also subpoenaed.

ON New Year's Eve a party of young men, after riotous conduct in the village of Centreville, Wayne county, Ind., took a flat-car loaded with ties from the sidetrack of the Pan Handle road and ran it to bridge across a creek a mile west of town, where the car was struck by a stock train and thrown off the track. The party then piled the ties on the track. Another train threw off this obstruction without serious damage. A farm wagon was run upon the track near the depot, and a third train demolished this without wrecking the train. On the night of the 5th City Marshal Shafer and a posse arrested George Savag, Morton Lytle, Melvin Kane, Harry Wilson and James Kirk. All were jailed except Wilson and Lytle.

JULIA JOHNSON, a negro woman, living near Jonesboro, Ga., had an inordinate love of finery, and lacked the money to indulge herself in that weakness. The widow Farmer, a white neighbor, aged eighty, was known to keep about \$100 in a bureau draw. Julia went to the widow's house, enticed her daughter into the woods, killed her, returned to the house, killed the widow, got the money, set fire to the building and escaped to her own home without being seen. The atrocity of the crime excited the people highly, but at first no suspicion was entertained of Julia. Two days afterward, unable to longer curb the desire that had led her to commit the deed, she went to Jonesboro and spent all of the money for dresses and jewelry. Her expenditures attracted a detective's attention, and so much proof of her guilt was obtained that she confessed.

ON the evening of the 2nd, at Leadville, Col., a lively carbonate camp in the mountains near Denver, a fatal shooting fracas occurred. It appears that one John Lavery and a "pard" had "jumped" a claim and were working it. Officer O'Connor and a posse appeared on the ground to drive the bold jumpers off. Lavery showed fight, and drew his revolver with murderous intent but he was struck on the head from behind. He reeled and fell into the shaft, which was nearly fifteen feet deep, his pistol being in some way discharged the ball striking O'Connor in the thigh, but with no serious result. The policeman seemed to have become enraged at this and stepped to the mouth of the pit and shot Lavery as he was attempting to climb out. The ball entered the right shoulder, passed downward through his lungs, lodging near the heart, killing him almost instantly.

THE Natchitoches, La., prisoners, viz.: Ernest Masson, Jackson Beard, Washington Peckelsfeld, J. B. P. Rachel, Samuel O. Sniger, William Derhart, Ambrose Deblieux and James C. Johnson, indicted under sections 5520 and 5535 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, were brought into the United States Circuit Court in New Orleans on the 6th, for arraignment. The counsel for the prisoners asked that no arraignment take place until Thursday, 9th, that they might have time to examine the indictment to see if they would plead or demur. The request was granted, and the bail fixed at \$5,000 each, which the defendants will have to give when they are arraigned. They are at present under \$2,000 bonds, taken by the Commissioner. These Natchitoches prisoners are charged by J. R. Hornsby with having run him out of Natchitoches Parish, and thus prevented him from voting for Madison Wells for Congress.

AT Harrisburg, Pa., on the 8th, the Board of Pardons recommended pardons in the following cases: Jerald W. Boyle, burning barn, Susquehanna county; James K. Maurer, forgery, Columbia; R. L. P. Helfsnyder, conspiracy, Montgomery; James Carter, assault and battery, Centre; Thomas M. Schneider, conspiracy, Philadelphia; Thomas Rafferty, Thomas Carroll and Pierce Miller, rape, Philadelphia; James and Peter Ester, riot, Erie; Daniel Dillon, murder in the second degree, Fayette; William B. Keller, forgery, Indiana; Alfred Williams, burglary, Westmoreland; John Wilkins, embezzlement, Cambria. In the case of Blasius Pistorius the Board recommended a commutation of the death sentence to imprisonment for life. The Board refused to interfere in the case of James McDonnell and James Sharpe, Molasses of Carbon county, and they will accordingly be hung on the 14th instant. The Board refused pardons in the following

cases: William Brennan, murder in the second degree; Thomas M. Gough, robbery; Thomas Foley, manslaughter, of Philadelphia; Dennis F. Canning, conspiracy to murder, Schuylkill; Grant Fields, manslaughter, Chester; John Miller, manslaughter, Chester. The case of Martin Bergin, the relieved Mollie, was not brought up.

FOR several weeks past, in private circles in Carlinville, Ill., it has been known that the late county clerk, George H. Holliday, who left there soon after the culmination of the court-house squabble, was being shadowed, and that everything was ripe for his arrest. Deputy Sheriff Daniel Delaney, with a requisition from Governor Colburn for the arrest of Holliday, arrived in Columbia, Washington Territory, on the 6th, and on the 6th, Sheriff John D. Sunderland received a dispatch from Columbia announcing that Holliday has been arrested, and asking the sheriff to meet him in San Francisco and bring Holliday to Carlinville, where there are several indictments pending against him. Rich developments are expected, and great excitement exists at the county seat. This arrest will reopen the entire court-house question. He was the leading spirit in the movement to build the edifice which has occasioned so much trouble in Macoupin county, and one of the court-house commissioners. Holliday has taken a very active part in the political affairs in Washington Territory, where he has passed under the name of George Hall. He was a man of brilliant attainments and fine executive ability. His life is full of romance and startling events. It is now nearly ten years since he left Carlinville for New York, after which he was never heard from till the past few weeks.

THE people of Nebraska were greatly pleased to learn that the men who were guilty of the infamous crime of roasting alive Mitchell and Ketchum were arrested in Dawson county, that state, on the 6th. They are John Baldwin, hotel-keeper, Myron Brown, Barney Armstrong, J. P. Olive, John Fisher, the "Kid," John Gantlin and William Green. Olive was the ringleader of the dastardly roasting of Ketchum and Mitchell. The men were arrested, one at a time, quietly, and by a preconcerted arrangement, at the town of Plum Creek. Attorney-General Dilworth, together with three brothers of the murdered Ketchum, and other gentlemen, did the work. Learning that the men were at Plum Creek, they slipped down upon them from Kearney and arrested them without firing a shot, notwithstanding Olive and others boasted there were not men enough in Nebraska to arrest them. Three men were in hot pursuit of Gillin, the sheriff, who surrendered the unfortunate men, Ketchum and Mitchell, to the hands who had turned them. They caught him on the 6th. All the men are now in jail at Kearney, and are securely ironed. The whole city is acting as a guard to prevent an incursion of cattle men to rescue them. Nearly all the villagers are from Texas, holding no citizenship there. The people of Nebraska rejoice at their capture.

AT Nashville, Tenn., on the 7th, Judges Baxter and Trigg heard a motion to remand to the state court for trial the case of the State of Tennessee vs. Special Deputy Collector James M. Davis, on an indictment found in the circuit court of Grundy county against Davis for the alleged murder of Joseph Haynes, and removed to the United States circuit court under Section 613 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, providing for the removal to the Federal courts of all civil and criminal actions instituted in state courts against revenue officers for acts done under color of their office. Davis in his petition says that while in pursuance of duty as collector he seized an illicit distillery, when he was attacked and fired upon by Haynes and others, and returning the fire in his own self-defense, killed Haynes. Judge Baxter in delivering his opinion, said that he and Judge Trigg were both citizens of Tennessee, as well as the United States, and desired to uphold the rights and jurisdictions of both; that it was unnecessary that there should be any irrelatation in the case, and that the question of jurisdiction ought to be settled amicably. To have a final decision of the question by the United States supreme court he and Judge Trigg would certify a difference of opinion, which was done. The court expressed the belief that the state courts would suspend their efforts to assert jurisdiction and thereby give cause for excitement and irrelatation until the questions are finally settled by the supreme court of the nation.

THE notorious Jenny Mitchell died on the 5th, in a private house on Twenty-third street under circumstances suggesting a too free use of chloroform. Some fifteen years ago she came to New York from Troy, where she had received an excellent education. Her journey hither, reports say, was made on a canal boat, and when old acquaintances meeting her in the street desired to offend her particularly the salutation, "Low Bridge!" was sure to have its desired effect. Her career in this city was as prosperous as it was disreputable. Endowed with beauty of face and figure, she had also a charm as a conversationalist, especially as a story-teller, that made her very popular. The last named art so turned her head that she, a year ago, decided to adopt the stage as a profession. To that end she gathered a dramatic company, which was christened with the high-sounding title, "St. James Dramatic Association." She was the bright particular star of the troupe. They traveled through minor towns and gave tragic representations. It became apparent, however, that she had heart disease, and that her malady and the stage were incompatible. Her spirits drooped perceptibly at the announcement. She, it is thought, resorted to chloroform as a temporary disposition of her hypochondria. When found, she was past recovery, evidently from paralysis of the heart, due to the use of the drug. Among her effects were an acknowledgment of deposit in a Safe Deposit Company of \$18,000 in United States bonds, and diamonds appraised at \$3,000. These she devised by a recently executed will to her sister and mother.

OKATOWN, a thriving village sixteen miles north of Vincennes, Ind., was the scene of quite a tragedy on the night of the 2nd. One man was killed outright, one seriously wounded and one slightly wounded. Okatown has been a field for the operations of burglars for the past six years. Although several have been arrested and imprisoned, that did not seem to deter others. On Wednesday, 1st, the postmaster at Okatown received a letter from Bloomfield, Ind., notifying the citizens of Okatown that a gang of burglars would make a raid on them the next night. The citizens immediately organized and placed several armed men in each business house. This was also done the following night. At eleven o'clock the men in Madigan's saloon heard persons attempting to force back the door. They immediately prepared themselves. As the door was opened by the burglars three of them immediately fired, and almost at the same instant the party in the saloon fired. The burglars ran off, two of them going south. One, after running 150 yards, fell, and life was extinct in twenty minutes. A bullet struck him in the neck, cutting the carotid artery. One burglar, named Gainey, ran up the railroad track, pursued by a number of persons firing. He returned the fire as he ran, emptying all the chambers, except one, of his two revolvers. He fell, and Dr. Warner, one of the pursuing party,

stooping over him, asked him if he was dead. He turned over on his back, and, placing the pistol within six inches of Dr. Warner's face, pulled the trigger, but it failed to go off, thus saving Dr. Warner's life. Henry Notron, who was also in the pursuing party, received a bullet from Gainey's revolver, entering his open mouth, and, without touching tooth or bone, passing through the left cheek. The dead man is named Noah Williams. He had lived in Okatown a year, and a month since returned to Bloomfield, his place of residence. The burglar secured, Aden C. Galsay, aged twenty-two, belongs to one of the best families of Southern Indiana.

ON the night of the 9th, John Robolski stole a keg of beer from the hallway of Robert Schwent's saloon, 35 Avenue A, and returned for more, when he was discovered. Officer Rose gave chase, but the thief was too swift-footed for him. Officer Schlessenger heard the cries of "Stop thief," and ordered the man to halt. He then fired a shot in the air to frighten him. The thief was fast escaping, when the officer fired a second shot, striking him in the left thigh and bringing him to a halt at the very door of the station-house. An ambulance was called and the wounded prisoner was sent to Bellevue Hospital.

ADVERTISING.

A few advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, met, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrolytes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

AMUSEMENTS.

HARRY HILL'S GENTLEMEN'S SPORTING THEATRE. Billiard Parlor and Shooting Gallery with Ball Room and Restaurant attached. Nos. 72, 74, 76, 78 and 80 Houston Street, and 147, 149 and 151 Crosby Street, N. Y. Open all the year round with the greatest Variety Show in the world. The most complete Vandeville Theatre in the city. Grand Sporting Programme and the great Female Boxers every night. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Entire change and new faces every week.

A SEELE'S TIVOLI THEATRE. 8th Street, between 34 and 36 Avenue. THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH. The only Bold Show in New York. The most Magnificent Array of Stars. A most Replenished, Beautiful Ballet. 25 Superb Dances and Corryphées. An Olio of 75 Acknowledged Artists. Matinee every Thursday and Sunday Midnight.

SULTAN DIVAN, 21 BOWERY, near Stanton Street. Grand Barnards' Show every evening. One of the "rights" of the city. Strangers should not miss it.

MEDICAL.

MEDICAL. All special complaints skillfully treated, board and nursing, by Dr. and MRS. S. S. DICK, 229 Lexington Avenue, near 34th Street, N. Y.

MANHOOD Restored.—A victim of youthful imprudence, causing premature decay, nervous debility, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has found a simple self-cure which he will send FREE to his fellow sufferers. Address, J. H. KASSAS, 63 Chatham Street, New York.

DOCTA Sandalwood Capsules.—The safest, specific, most reliable cure for diseases of the Urinary Organs; fast superseding all other remedies. Beware of dangerous imitations, none genuine unless having "Docta" on each box. DUNN & CO., New York. Explanatory circular mailed free on application. Sold at all Drug Stores.

NERVOUS Exhaustion.—A Medical Essay containing a series of lectures as delivered at the College of Anatomy, New York, on the name and cause of Nervous Exhaustion; showing indisputably how health may be regained, according to a clear synopsis of the symptoms to marriage and the treatment of nervous and physical debility, being the result of twenty years' experience. By mail 50c., currency or postage stamps. Address, ROBERT KAHN'S MUSEUM, 68 Broadway, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FUS'L Dress Gloves and Ties at MARK MATHE'S, 110 Fulton Street, New York.

\$40 A Week Made—New Goods, Catalogue and samples free. FELTON & CO., New York.

GOLD.—Any worker can make \$12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address TRUS & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$250 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

SCARCE Goods.—Books, Photos, &c. Sample and Catalogue, 3c. Paris Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

CHEAPEST Book Store in the World.—25,672 Curious Books, Catalogue free. LEGGAT BROTHERS, 3 Beekman Street New York

PHOTOS of Actresses, 6 for 25c., Comic Subjects, 3 for 25c., Catalogue of Photos and Books, 3c. D. FRANK TOWSE, 238 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOS—Actresses 5c., Special subjects 10c., each 3 for 25c., 75c. per doz. Catalogue of Photos, Choice Books, &c., 3c. N. L. WHITEY, 67 Jackson St., Chicago

\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall Street Stocks makes dividends every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall Street, N. Y.

BENNETT BROS., Merchant Tailors, 239 and 271 BOWERY, N. Y. Jacob Bennett, late of 66 Oliver Street. Wm. Bennett, late of 18 Clarkson St. Contractors for Police Uniforms.

PERFEZIONE strengthens, enlarges and develops any part of the body. Price \$1. Nervous Debility, Piles, &c. All postpaid. Address Dr. V. A. HOLM, No. 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted.)

LYNCH'S Diamond Store, 925 Broadway, near 21st Street. The largest and finest assortment of Diamond Rings, Crosses, Studs, Rings, Pink Pearls, Cat's Eyes, Jewelry, silverware, &c., at prices 25 per cent. lower than any other house.

GENUINE French Transparent Playing Cards, each card contains a rich, rare and spicy scene visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full playing deck of 52 cards sent by mail for 50 cents, prepaid. J. PATRICK, Boston, Mass.

HEADQUARTERS for all articles used in Games of Chance, Advantage Cards, Dice, Keno Sets, Poker Checks, Cards, Roulette, Card Presses, Cue Cards, Check Holders, Faro Cards, Cue Keepers, Faro Layouts and Boxes, Compressed Ivory Checks, Cloth painted to order for any game. Price-list and sample sheet mailed free. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 86 Nassau Street, New York.

HUNTER'S EXECUTION, IN CAMDEN, N. J., JANUARY 10.—THE CONDEMNED MAN, TAKEN FROM HIS COAGE, LIES A WILD BEAST, AND CARRIED, HELPING AND SENSELESS, TO THE CORRIDOR OF THE JAIL, WHERE HE IS DELIVERED INTO THE HANDS OF THE EXECUTIONER AND STRANGLING TO DEATH IN AN UNCONSCIOUS CONDITION.—SEE PAGE 6.

